

THE GRIFFINS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00004534116



MARY STUART YOUNG



Class PZ3

Book Y 87 G

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

THE GRIFFINS



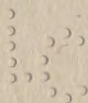
THE GRIFFINS

A Colonial Tale

BY

MARY STUART YOUNG

(Mrs. Louis G. Young)



New York and Washington
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

1904

Y 273 G
87

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
NOV 10 1904
Copyright Entry
Nov. 10, 1904
CLASS A XXc. No.
101272
COPY B.

35

Copyright, 1904
By Mary Stuart Young

c
c
c
c
c
c
c

DEDICATION

To the Colonial Dames of America
whose high purpose appeals to the
noblest sentiments of human nature
I dedicate this simple colonial tale
in which *Virtutis Majorum Filia Conservat*
MARY STUART YOUNG

Savannah, Georgia
September 15, 1904

CONTENTS.

Chapter.	Page.
I. Near the Noon-day of the Eighteenth Century,	9
II. Introduces "My Lord Fairfax," of Virginia,	22
III. Samuel and Cyrus Having Reached England Early in 1773, we are Introduced Through Means of Letters to London Society of More than a Hundred Years Since, . . .	27
IV. In Which we Learn how Raleigh Vindicated his Master's Honor,	36
V. Tells of Oxford's Classic Shades and of a Certain English Clergyman and his Fair Daughter, "Mistress Dolly Braxton,"	48
VI. In Which our Young Virginians Visit Traquair Castle,	59
VII. Which Treats of Some Colonial Matters, Some Family Matters, and Gives us a Glimpse of Tunbridge, .	69
VIII. Tells us of a Journey Taken by Certain Parties to London, and What Befell when they Reached There, ..	83
IX. In Which we Return to Virginia After Three Years' Absence,	95

Chapter.	Page.
X. In Which we Meet With our Old Friend "Dr. Mercer," now "General," and Bid Him a Last Farewell,	105
XI. In Which Mrs. Samuel Griffin Proves Her Loyalty and was True to Her Own Womanly Nature,	115
XII. Dolly Listens to a Touching Story, and has Her Prayer Granted, as She Will "Know Hereafter,"	128
XIII. The Old World Once More, Where We Meet with Warm Welcomes from the Friends of "Long Ago,"	135
XIV. Lady Christine Appears in a New Role; a Short Disguise Accomplishes Long Results; we Take a Parting Glance at New York, . . .	150
XV. In Which we Pay a Visit to Philadelphia, Along with Many Other Great Folk, and Behold —	158
XVI. A Christmas Day in Old Virginia, . . .	170
XVII. Treats of Some Wedding Items,	180

THE GRIFFINS

CHAPTER I

NEAR THE NOON-DAY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Near the noon-day of the eighteenth century Le Roy Griffin, Gent., married Mary Betrand. Three fair sons were born to them, and when the school-master became a necessity, the fine old country seat of Berkeley Manor was temporarily vacated for Griffin Hall in Williamsburg. Here, at the old Brafton Grammar School, the three little masters were prepared for William and Mary College. In this time-honored seat of learning the sons of the gentry were fitted for Oxford, Cambridge, Edinboro, and the courts of the Temple, and Lincoln's Inn. In due time Corbin, Samuel, and Cyrus completed the studies required of them. In addition, they had fought many mimic battles, had learned to hold the brave Colonel Washington in high esteem, to believe Mr. Henry second only to Cicero; in short, they had imbibed the spirit of war and liberty and freedom with the very air they breathed. For there were stirring times in that noon-day of the 18th century; and in the Old Dominion were

those who had fought and bled for Prince Charley "In the '45" and afterwards for King George at Fort Duquesne. Nor were they inconsistent. As between the Stuart and the Hanoverian, their choice was with the first; as between French and English, their choice was with the last. But the Stamp Act trouble had sunk deep into the hearts and minds of men. The good Lord Botetourt, having been Governor of Virginia, had lived in semi-regal style at "The Palace," an imposing brick structure with a fine front and two massive wings, surrounded by grounds which extended in front to the Duke of York Street. But now Botetourt had died of a "disease aggravated by great mental suffering." When the cloud no bigger than a man's hand had first appeared my Lord Botetourt became anxious lest a storm should burst upon the land where all was so fair and prosperous; but the political weather-prophet reassured him.

King George and Lord North, however, would not let things be, and said that "English men in America who had no part in the nation's councils must pay taxes as the English at home did;" so two small tea-parties were given, one at Charleston and another at Boston, but no tea was drunk, for it was not palatable from the mouldy cellars or from the brine into which it had been thrown. In consequence of these things, my Lord Botetourt drank so bitter a cup of humiliation that he died

from the effects of the unwholesome draught of promises broken to his people; and all the colony mourned for him as the truest friend and gentleman who had ever governed in Virginia. Some fine lines were writ in memory of him.

“Just, noble, generous,
Steady, not timorous,
Botetourt came;
He did defend our laws
And gave our country cause
To sing with loud applause
Botetourt’s fame.”

But all in vain was praise or blame to him now. He “had done what he could” and his brave heart could no longer bear the strain; so “having been long physically very weak,” he passed away to that land where there are no more taxes, because all have been paid for us nearly two thousand years ago on Calvary.

Lord Dunmore succeeded to the governorship and the little capital was very gay in spite of the troublous time, when one bright June day a worthy class of graduates received their diplomas from William and Mary College. From far and near the gentle-folk had come to participate in the merry-making attendant upon the closing exercises and to be present at the grand ball to be given at the palace in the evening. Thackeray has painted in his matchless style the ball at which Mme. Esmond and her sons George and Harry Warrington played an important part; our simpler annals deal

with other mothers and other sons who likewise bore their parts well. The younger Griffin boys were among the graduates and had attained to no mean standing in their class, and now that books were to be laid aside for the nonce, they would catch a glimpse of the social life of the capital. So very bright and happy felt the Lady Griffin as leaning on her husband's arm and followed by her two younger sons she entered the Lord Governor's ball-room. The scene was very brilliant, for the beauty and chivalry of which the colonies were justly proud had gathered there. Conspicuous among these stood the young Colonel Washington, of the Virginia House of Burgesses, surrounded by a group of friends; not very far away was Lady Washington, the handsomest and wealthiest matron in Virginia, looking girl-like still in the dress of soft East Indian stuff ordered from London. Near Colonel Washington were Mr. Patrick Henry, the Demosthenes of the Burgesses; his mentor, Mr. Thomas Jefferson, and Dr. Hugh Mercer, whose exploits at Culloden Moor in '45 and at Fort Duquesne ten years later had made him the worthy friend of the patriots who sought to do him honor. There was eager interest manifested now as he spoke earnestly with the soft Scotch accent, for while the Dames were bewitched with the beauty of the scene, far other thoughts and words claimed the attention of the Dons. With bated breath they discussed the King's policy; at last Colonel Mercer said:

"All these troubles have come upon us because we have foresworn allegiance to the true Stuart and have accepted a foreign king; his father was no Englishman and the blood of James I flows but feebly in his veins. Very bad blood no doubt it is in many respects, but it is the only royal blood which Englishmen can find to rule over them and it has not been made better methinks by its blending with that of the German prince. There is *one* no whit less near to James, and yet no king is he, but simply 'Count of Albany,' an alien from the throne of his fathers. His wrongs and his sufferings endeared him to many of his Scotch subjects, and when his well-laid plans were brought to naught, we who had followed him had to find refuge in the Old Dominion, whose loyalty to the powers that be is blended with much of sympathy for the poor fugitive Stuart and his friends."

"Verily you are right, sir," answered Mr. Griffin; "yet if our honorable speaker could hear you, he would thunder 'treason' at you as he did at Mr. Henry a few months since."

"And perhaps with no more effect," said Colonel Washington, smiling. "Doctor," he continued, "in all of our tramps together, which have been both many and long, I have never heard of your part in the young Pretender's escape from Cullo-den, and yet I know that you aided him therein. This is neither the fitting time nor place, but at some early day I shall ask you to favor me with an account of it."

"Why not at the Hall to-morrow?" said Mr. Griffin. Mr. Henry will join us, and Mr. Jefferson I hope, and there in safety and privacy we can listen, and express sympathy with whomsoever we please."

The invitation was accepted with the simplicity which marked the manners of the day. "Good manners" was the phrase then; "*good form*" now takes its place; may we not fear sometimes its nature is lost with its name?

The following day the guests were seated at Mr. Griffin's hospitable board; dinner had been served, and when the servants in waiting had placed the wine on the fine old mahogany and withdrawn, Dr. Mercer narrated the following.

"I think I was first led to feel a great interest in Charles Stuart because we are nearly the same age, and as a little fellow in my kilts I heard much talk of the Roman Prince who would one day get possession of all that his father had failed to win. Then as I grew older this hope became stronger, for the Prince gave promise of being the most kingly of his race. And so he was because of his ability to command, his constancy and courage; but hope deferred, and at last abandoned, has made him of late years fall into intemperate habits. 'Tis the vice of the age, and seems a greater evil in him because of his exalted rank.

"When all was prepared for the campaign of 1745 I offered my services as physician, and in this

capacity served at Culloden. I will not repeat the sad story of the final overthrow of all of our hopes on that fatal field; it has passed into history. Coming after nightfall back to the battle-ground to give whatever aid my skill could afford to any wounded or dying, I wandered off at last a mile perhaps into a small low clump of shrubbery and threw myself down on my plaid. All was still save occasional sounds of Cumberland's troopers, who were scouring the country in all directions; presently a light rustling in the bushes and a low breathing convinced me that I was not alone. I approached without much feeling of alarm, until as I drew nearer a bright sword flash in the moonlight caused me to feel for my own short sword—my only weapon of defense. A voice I knew at once to be Charles Stuart's exclaimed, 'Who goes there?' I replied with the watch-word, 'A Stuart, your Highness.'

" 'Ah! is it you, my faithful friend? I fear there are but few now whom I can call so, albeit this morning's sun shone on a merry multitude who bore the name of friends.'

" 'And many still remain, beloved Prince,' I replied; 'but what do you here, while Cumberland's troopers are scouring the country far and wide in search of you and why are you thus alone?'

" 'Because I feared an escort would only endanger other lives, and mine own, so I hid from many who might have been inclined to go with me, until

the moon's going down would give me a chance to escape; and I will trust to my sword to defend my life if necessary; I will yield it only after having shown myself worthy of it. Ah, Hugh, I am indeed weary of living, and were I sure the hounds would kill me I think they might do so. But they are not generous enough to slay; they would capture, and carry me before my German cousin's tribunal; from thence convey me to the Tower, and the Block; but we have had enough of this bloody work at the hands of our subjects, and cousins, and never will I be taken alive!' As he spoke his youthful face showed such firm resolve that I thought had the MacDonalds seen him look so they would not have placed him in this present plight by refusing to fight on the left, when all else was lost and they had it in their power to save the day.

" 'Spoken like your own noble self, my Prince,' I replied. 'My father's house is hard by, and the swift little mare Winnie in the stable. Will you honor me by riding her? Disguised in my oldest Tartan you can easily reach the coast by to-morrow eve. I will precede you a short distance, and will find some stout fellows who, for a little gold, will ask you no questions and row you to the Hebrides, where you will find those ready to do any service and to dare all for your sake.'

" 'Wisely thought and well spoken; so let us leave this hiding-place, for the moon is low, and

every hour of darkness will aid us. But hark! what sound do I hear?' As he spoke, horses' hoofs were approaching, and soon a body of cavalrymen came nearer, and we heard one say, 'Our orders are to capture him alive, and he is no doubt not far off; so let us take things a little easily and rest our horses under these trees.' At these words my heart stood still, so fearful was I lest the Prince, in his reckless disregard for his life, should betray our presence. But soon I was relieved, for the commanding officer replied that he knew a better place of shelter for the night a hundred yards farther on, and yet not too far off to keep a look-out at day-dawn. They then rode off, and shortly after, over rocks and through thickets which I had known well since boyhood, we reached my father's. I soon had Winnie ready and my plaid on his Highness; then mounting Highlander, the pony which I used in riding through the country visiting as a physician, I went off a few hundred yards in advance, and by sunrise we had accomplished some miles of riding, without having been molested in any way. But it was necessary for both ourselves and our horses that some refreshment should be obtained, and about 7 o'clock we came to a little inn on Lock Marye, and dismounted. The Prince was well disguised, the blue bonnet which he wore concealing his hair; yet to my dismay, as we were preparing to mount again, we saw two officers of the King approaching.

"Afraid to create suspicion by too great haste, we led our horses out a few paces, and were about to spring into our saddles when we were compelled to turn, as one of the officers, in a tone of authority, hallooed to us, 'Not so fast, my bold horsemen; I would have a few words with you.' Seeing the extreme peril of the Prince, I quietly walked my horse beside his, back through the stable court, and awaited the result.

" 'Whither are ye bound?'

" 'To the coast,' I replied.

" 'Know ye aught of yesterday's bloody fight?'

" 'Yea; all that a plain mon like mysel' should ken.'

" 'Hast heard of the reward offered for the young fool's head?'

" 'Whom may ye mean, sir? There be mony a one would come under that title, I trow.'

" 'Whom *should* I mean but the young Charles Edward? If you or your silent comrade there will bring him alive to one of his Majesty's officers, you will no longer have to wear such shabby gear, for no less a sum than thirty thousand pounds is put upon his head.'

"The Prince's familiarity with the French tongue made him easily acquire the rolling 'r' which forms the chief difference between the English and Scotch pronunciation. It stood him in good stead now as he answered:

" 'Sorely do I stand in need of such a sum, yet

fearful I am of not procuring it; for our journey ends at dark; and "fool" though Charles Stuart in truth is, yet do you think his folly is great enough to tempt him into the broad glare of day from his hiding-place?"

"This was said so quietly and with so broad an accent, that all suspicion was disarmed, and the officer replied courteously:

" 'Well spoken, fair sir; and methinks the fortune would well become you, for your speech is forsooth finer than your clothes.'

"Touching our bonnets, we rode on, and by means of by-paths and quiet roads reached the coast without further adventure about dusk. Leaving the Prince in a secluded spot, I went forward to see what could now be done. Going into a deep cleft in the rocks, which formed a sort of cave in which as a boy I had played, I saw a soldier fast asleep, wrapped in his plaid; scanning him closely, I discovered to my joy that it was O'Neill, who had proved his devotion to the Prince's cause, and in yesterday's fight had done good service. I tried for some time to wake him, but in vain, so utterly overcome was he by fatigue. At last I succeeded, and in a few words made known to him the near presence of the Prince. As I did so he sprang to his feet, and a minute later was on bended knee before his royal leader, whom he had sought in vain ere finding safety for himself in flight. He had reached the coast a few hours previously, and

had arranged with some trusty clansman to row him over to Skye at midnight, where with some of the MacDonalds he would be safe. The Prince could accompany him thither with but comparatively little risk. All was arranged, and when I could do no more for their comfort or safety I bade them farewell and received grateful acknowledgment from the Prince for the service I had rendered him; though in truth 'twas but slight, and his own mother-wit helped him as much as aught else. I saw him in London in '53, and he gave me then the account of his final escape from his pursuers by the aid of Mistress Flora MacDonald. This is now familiar to all, and no doubt these fair dames here present would have been inspired to do as much for the Prince who has so much of romance mingled with the hard realities of his life."

"Yes," said Mr. Henry, "'romance' covers a multitude of sins, and I fear me 'tis *human* nature to feel more of interest in the unfortunate one who is young and dashing and bold, than in a battle-scarred veteran who is without teeth, and lantern-jawed."

"Nay, sir; you do us wrong," said Lady Washington. "Rather say that one views with different feelings the vigorous young sapling which has been up-rooted by a storm and the giant oak prostrated by the same. Over *one* we mourn the promise of what might have been; over the other we

think of a grand life, ended it may be in ruin, but having well fulfilled its destiny."

Mr. Henry courteously acknowledged the well-placed sentiment of his fair opponent and Mr. Griffin replied to him:

"Sir, 'tis yours 'the applause of listening senates to command,' but when our fair ones lift up their voices in opposition, you become even as one of us feeble folk. So it has ever been, and will be even to the end of time."

CHAPTER II

INTRODUCES "MY LORD FAIRFAX," OF VIRGINIA.

"A fine old English gentleman, one of ye olden time."

Life was now fairly open to our two young graduates, and the Chronicles tell of many a visit to "Westover," where the beautiful Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, visited her aunt, Mrs. Byrd; of many a hunt; of dances in the old "Apollo Hall" in the Raleigh Tavern, made ever memorable by Mr. Patrick Henry's great speech in the House of Burgesses, which held its sittings there. On one hunt the Chronicles dwell at length. It was in December, after the graduation of the Griffin boys. They were making preparations to leave in January for England, where Samuel would finish his studies at Oxford and Cyrus take the law course in the Temple.

"It were certainly most fitting that we paid our respects to Colonel and Mrs. Washington before we leave, Cyrus," said Samuel; "and especially would I like to see his beautiful estate before I go, for as I am to be a planter when I return, I wish to be able to compare the modes of cultivation here and in England; and no man in Virginia knows more of practical agriculture than does Colonel Washington."

So all was arranged in accordance with this wish,

and our young gentlemen set off in fine style, accompanied by their body-servants, Prince and Raleigh, on a visit to Mount Vernon. Their host met them with the quiet dignity and courtesy which always distinguished him, and Mrs. Washington's greeting was simple and cordial. After the early dinner a ride over the broad acres enabled Samuel to examine with interest the carefully-prepared fields. After a brief visit they must say farewell and ride back to Williamsburg. But Colonel and Mrs. Washington would not have it so. Hospitality was one of the leading features of colonial life, and there was always a charm in entertaining one's friends. Guests were never loath to remain at Mount Vernon, and to this rule Cyrus and Samuel were not exceptions. "Besides," Colonel Washington added by way of persuasion, "to-morrow I hunt with my Lord Fairfax, who is now at Belvoir, and I wish you to join us; the sport will be rare, for his Lordship keeps the finest pack in the country; moreover, as you go so soon to England 'tis well that you should meet so fine a specimen of a nobleman as he is."

The next day dawned fair and bright; no snow had as yet fallen, but a heavy frost lay on the ground and shrubbery. The road was along the river bank, and the view of water and hillside, the delightful freshness and lightness of the atmosphere, the even pace of the horses at a gentle gallop combined to banish all care, so that when the

party reached Belvoir they were overflowing with life and animal spirits. It needed only the presence of the genial Baron to make all complete. Having come to Virginia to escape from painful associations with his home in England, "My Lord Fairfax" did not shut himself up in gloomy seclusion; on the contrary, he lived as did most of the noblemen of the time, keeping up much of state, and unbounded hospitality, never wearying of the chase. His acres are said to have numbered 5,700,000, inherited in great part from his grandfather, Lord Culpepper. A fine type of an Englishman of rank and wealth was he as he stood on this December morning ready to welcome his guests.

"Ah, my gallant Colonel, here you are at last!" said he, heartily shaking his favorite's hand; "and as usual, when not fighting the enemy, ready to make war on poor Reynard. I am glad to know you young gentlemen," he added as Colonel Washington introduced his friends.

Thus, with pleasant, easy greeting, he met each one; then mounting a fine sorrel, and calling up the hounds, he led the way to the hunt as Mr. George Fairfax and one or two others joined the party. For some time they rode without catching sight of their prey, but at last the hounds gave unmistakable sounds of having discovered the fox. Now the sport began in earnest, and over fence and ditch, through field and marsh, they rode like mad—dogs, horses, riders all determined to win.

Not so easy though, my Lord and gentlemen, for Mr. Fox proved a wily strategist, and only gave up his life after all devices had failed. But, as in most contests, open, plain dealing will at length prevail if it be combined with firm resolve, so it proved with poor Reynard. The well-trained hounds and skilful riders were too much for him, and having been driven into an open field from his last hiding-place, worn out with the long chase, he was quickly despatched by his pursuers. Cyrus, having been the first in at the death, severed the long bushy tail from the body. It was nearly thirteen inches in length and the body without it measured twenty inches.

The tired, hungry sportsmen reached Mount Vernon just as the moon was rising over the river, and Cyrus said truly that "The day from sunrise to moonrise had been one of unmixed enjoyment," as he met Mrs. Washington and presented to her the trophy of the chase. Everything was warmth and light and comfort within, with certain little touches of the beautiful here and there which only a woman's hand can give. Lord Fairfax, as he entered the dining-room with the wife of his host leaning upon his arm, made notice of some changes since he was last there.

"What have you been doing, George," he said. "I remember not seeing things look so before your marriage. Billy at all times kept the house with great neatness, and served us well; yet there is something else this evening, methinks."

"It is because I have found a help-meet for me, my Lord; and the crust of the bachelor has fallen off from the house no less than from its master." To which his Lordship made no reply, for in the attic at Greenmay Court, whither he would soon return, lay a missive growing yellow as time wore on. In its folds might be found the answer to the question, Why was my Lord Fairfax of Virginia not now in his old English home? Colonel Washington's words recalled the long-past time when he had hoped that the deft fingers of one he loved would make that home beautiful, and her bright smile and the ringing laughter of childish voices would bring perpetual sunshine to his heart; but *she* would not have it so, and in a distant land he sought and (let us hope) found solace in doing his duty as a citizen, a friend, and a Christian. Soon he rose to leave, and as he bade farewell he said to Samuel and Cyrus:

"I am right glad that your father sends you so soon to England; we must needs keep up the feeling of loyalty by returning the youth of the colonies to the Motherland sometimes. Truly the 'lines have fallen to us in pleasant places' in the Old Dominion, yet the mother cannot be excelled by the daughter. Ah! George, Mr. Henry would not be so anxious to part from the old country did he but know *what* it is that he will sever us from; but a truce to politics, and Heaven keep us at peace."

CHAPTER III

SAMUEL AND CYRUS HAVING REACHED ENGLAND EARLY IN 1773, WE ARE INTRODUCED THROUGH MEANS OF LETTERS TO LONDON SOCIETY MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE.

"I well remember the favors of these men."

From Cyrus Griffin to His Mother.

"Most dear and honored Mother:

"Two days since we reached this place—of all in the world most interesting to every loyal Englishman; our passage, has been described to you in full, in the letters which the Captain has sent for us by a vessel which left on yesterday. As soon as our baggage was all safely landed, we secured a coach and drove to the Baron of Wolverton's charming villa. It is very near the river's bank, to which a lawn extends, shaded by fine oaks. The house is built in the Elizabethan style, of which I have seen nothing at home, and I think it very beautiful. A servant in livery answered Raleigh's summons, and bowing very grandly as he approached our coach, said:

"The young gentlemen from America were expected; would they be kind enough to await the Baron's return from the Parliament House?" but, we decided it were best to go at once to our lodgings, lest some embarrassment might follow, to our servants in the midst of the Baron's grand

lacqueys, and lest the advent of *four* instead of two strangers might cause some inconvenience. We obtained the needed address, and soon after were comfortably located on the Strand, midway between Temple Court and Charing-Cross. About noon, the following day, the Baron called. His greeting was very kind, and he was pleased to say that I looked very like my father did when they were at Cambridge together, thirty years ago. He invited us to dine with him at 4 o'clock. Accordingly Raleigh and Prince took great pride in arraying us in the fine suits we wore to my Lord Dunmore's ball; (they made quite sure that we were to dine with no less a person than his Majesty,) and we drove to Hawley House, with all the air of being accustomed to our fine clothes, and to driving each day in the year! We met some men of learning and of fashion in the drawing-room. The Baron's nephew—Mr. Horace Walpole, occupied the seat opposite his uncle at dinner; I was much interested in his conversation, which if it be evidence of his nature, shows him to be not at all a man of one idea; for at one time he would extol republican notions, and the next minute would speak in favor of the different ranks and social grades which exist in England; he would be ardent in his expressions of love for letters, again would seem to rather hold them in light esteem; so, between his desire to be an aristocrat and a republican, a student and a fine gentleman, at one

and the same time, he entertained me much. His manners are certainly excellent, and his information great on many subjects. He spoke of the men of his father's time somewhat; and said, he had heard many grand orators, but my Lord Chesterfield, (who is now very infirm) was in his day, the most polished and brilliant of them all.

"A place on the right of Mr. Walpole was assigned me, so I had a fine opportunity of hearing his discourse; on his left, sat a Mr. Anstey, who has writ some very witty verses on society at Bath; Samuel was at the Baron's right hand, and a sprig-gish nobleman sat on his left, whose manners did not please me overmuch, as he could not conceal his pride of place as 'my Lord Ashton,' and courted special marks of favor from the company, because of his title I thought; I was pleased to note that Samuel's natural elegance* of manner and bearing did not at all forsake him; but enabled him to hold his place, as quite the equal of the men around him as a gentleman; and in his learning, he is far ahead of my Lord Ashton, who was the only young man at the table besides ourselves. The Baron's conversation did not at all times satisfy me, for he told anecdotes of life at court during the last King's reign, that I would not for a great deal have had you to hear; and yet no one seemed much shocked, and I concluded that familiarity with such a court as George Second held, must have lowered

*He was spoken of as the most elegant man in the colony.

the tone of refined society, and that its atmosphere had not reached so far as Virginia; so Samuel and I were somewhat ignorant of 'fine manners' but think we know something of 'Good manners.' I trust I am committing no breach of the same in thus writing of mine host, for I well know it to be wrong to make comment of what passes under a roof whose hospitality we are enjoying; yet, I wish you to know all of our doings, and how we are impressed with life here, and everything told you will be carefully guarded I know.

"The dinner was served after the French or continental style; only one dish being handed at a time, accompanied by one vegetable. What would Mammy Tina say to this piece-meal division of her two roasts and four side-dishes of vegetables which constitute the orthodox dinner in Virginia? A good deal of wine was drunk, but no one drank too much, save perhaps my Lord Ashton, whose ambition seemed to be to excel in this. After staying at table two hours or so we withdrew, and the Baron appointed to meet us to-day at 12, and I then made my formal entry as a student of the Temple. All preliminaries had been arranged by the Baron, and I am fairly launched upon my studies, having passed without much trouble the examination requisite. Samuel will write to-morrow, and will no doubt give you his views of all that he has observed in London. He sends much love and reverence to you, and to our father. We are

off to the play in a short time; so I will bring this to a close. With love for both yourself and my father, and with a great desire to be near you, sometimes, I am, my dear mother,

“Your ever loving and dutiful son,

“CYRUS GRIFFIN.

“To Lady Mary Griffin.”

[N. B.—The title of “Lady” was commonly given to the Virginia matrons of the 18th century.]

From Samuel Griffin to His Father.

“My dear Father:

“Cyrus has written to our mother, and promised a letter from me to-day; and in making good this promise, I wish first of all to tell you how Cyrus has been received by the Honorable Lord with whom he is to learn all about that ‘grand code’ of laws he talks so finely of. Baron Wolverton had made known to him your wish that Cyrus should remain in London for several years, to prepare himself for public life at home; but he was ignorant of the fact that Cyrus had been at books ever since Mammy Tina had to fetch him to the school, lest he should fall into some harm because of his being so small; and that aided by my mother, and stimulated to ambition by the progress which *I* made under your care, he has now acquired a good knowledge of the ancient tongues, albeit he does not love them for their beauties as I do. Thus his Lordship was much amazed that so learned a

young collegian could have been educated in our Colony, and he says that so excellent a foundation having been laid, the superstructure will not be difficult and that Cyrus will return fully able to be your successor in those positions of trust which you wish now to lay aside, having had long service in them. There is a young Scotch gentleman who will study with him, Charles Stuart, son of the Earl of Traquair. I am right glad of this, for I disliked very much the thought of leaving him quite alone. This young nobleman is of refined and gentle bearing; I think not especially clever; and, I make no doubt that my brother and himself will become fast friends before they have been very long together. Last night we went to the Play, and saw the celebrated Mr. Garrick act Hamlet.

“Two years ago, he gave at Stratford-on-Avon, a grand Jubilee performance in honor of ‘Master Wm. Shakespeare’s memory’ and this he has now repeated for more than 70 nights at Drury Lane, and it will doubtless continue for some time longer.

“You know how we have always enjoyed representations of Shakespeare’s plays as they have been given by our paid company in Williamsburg, and as ‘light excelleth darkness’ so does Mr. Garrick excel any other actor. So great is his genius that he moves one from tears to laughter by sheer force of his power to render pathos one minute and mirth the next; withal he is so true to nature.

"He is charitable to the poor, and much devoted to his wife, who was a German dancing-girl; his friends are among the first men in London society in rank—at the bar, in the pulpit, on the bench, and those much given to letters. All hold him in high esteem. He was at one time entered as a law-student of Lincoln's Inn, and when I heard Cyrus' expression of such great admiration for his genius, I felt some fear lest his own head should be turned from the law to the stage! but I think he has small talent for acting, of any kind, being (if possible) *too* open and frank.

"Mr. Pope has said of Garrick, that 'he *has* never had an equal, and *will* never have a rival,' and 'tis hard to believe that he can be excelled in this or any future age; he is also an excellent Stage Manager, and puts on each play with marvelous good effect. The dressing of the women was very fine, and our mother's best gown, ordered for Lord Dunmore's ball, was (albeit so grandly beautiful in our eyes,) not finer than many we saw at the play; but no one set off a gown with so stately a grace as the Lady Griffin, nor in our eyes were there any so fair, as some of those who lent their presence to the Ball, and to our smaller dances at the 'Apollo.' The Misses Catherine and Judith Page, of 'Broad-neck,' and that marvelous beauty, Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, cannot be surpassed methinks. On Monday next I leave this charming London life for hard study at Oxford; I have engaged

seats for Prince and myself in the coach that leaves the 'Boar's Head Tavern.' With much love for my mother, I am, dear sir,

“Your dutiful son,

“SAMUEL LLEWELLYN GRIFFIN.

“*To Thomas Griffin. (Gent:—)*”

One of Corbin's letters finds a place here in the Chronicles, but much of it was too much marred to be deciphered; we gather from it the following, written from the Northwest Territory, which he was surveying:

“Now that Samuel and Cyrus have left you, I have determined to return home very soon, that you may not feel utterly bereft of your children; I enjoyed very much your account of Dr. Mercer's aid to Prince Charles Edward, when they were 'out in the '45;' and strange to relate, on my way here I met not very far from the Ohio, with an old Indian Chief, who told me how a white 'Medicine man' had saved his child's life and that he had conducted him to the English headquarters where General Braddock was dying. From what I have heard of Dr. Mercer's wanderings after Fort Duquesne, I think it probable *he* was the Surgeon referred to. The story is too long for my letter, but when I reach home I will tell it to you, and perhaps your friend will give us then an account of the whole affair, which will exceed in interest even,

the story he has already related. I think he must be almost the equal of our gallant Colonel Washington; and indeed, the accounts one hears of Wolfe and Montcalm, in Quebec, make one believe brave deeds are not uncommon in this age."

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH WE LEARN HOW RALEIGH VINDICATED HIS MASTER'S HONOR.

"Can Honor set an arm?" "No"; "Or a leg?" "No."

As Samuel had foreseen, it was not long ere Charles Stuart and Cyrus were warm friends, and he was introduced into a circle of refinement and rank. Frequently, after their daily tasks were completed, they would stroll to "White's" coffee-house, and dine together before preparing for the evening's entertainment. It happened that on a rainy April evening they had dined, and were, with a few habitues of the place, discussing politics and a hot negus at the same time. They lingered longer than was usual with them, because the weather was such that but little inducement was offered to change the bright convivial scene for the murky atmosphere of the streets. The evening was passing pleasantly and swiftly, when my Lord Ashton and one or two of his chosen friends and satellites entered, and the brilliant idea entered this fine nobleman's very small brain that he would add to the hilarity of the company by making the "beau sauvage" from the colonies a target for his witty shafts. For some time all fell so far short of the mark, that no harm was done. At last his final venture to provoke a retort was made—with success.

"Ah! tell us something of 'les belles dames;' occasional reports represent them as very charming, and moreover not averse to exhibiting those charms right lavishly."

Traquair, with his good common sense and his cool Scotch blood, not heated by the negus, which he had been accustomed to drink since boyhood, endeavored to reply before Cyrus could do so; but the hot Southern temper was now fully aroused, and the insult, in addition to the strong drink, had made his blood mount to fever heat; yet had he self-control to say:

"My Lord, in Virginia we are taught two things—first to accept no insult tamely, and second to treat every true woman with honor and courtesy. I know nothing of what code *you* are guided by, but *mine* teaches me to demand immediate apology for your words."

To which "his Lordship" replied by placing his eye-glasses on his nose, his hands upon his hips, and staring with a mixture of surprise and condescension at the youthful speaker.

"Do you not hear, my Lord; did I not speak plainly?" Still no answer came from his Lordship, save the insolent stare, while his friends seemed uncertain whether to be most amused or ashamed. At last a burst of laughter broke from him, but for only a second; the next, Cyrus had thrown off Charles Stuart's restraining hand, levelled one well-aimed blow, and his Lordship's

heels were higher than his head and his becoming glasses shattered!

A short silence followed, and before he could recover from his humiliating situation, the Baron of Wolverton and Mr. Horace Walpole entered. From Cyrus' position, his clenched fist, and still flashing eye, they arrived at once at a partial solution of the affair, and with some displeasure in his tone the Baron said:

"What, Mr. Griffin, not yet three months in London, and engaged in a scene like this?"

"'Tis true, sir. This '*gentleman*' has seen fit to insult me, and refused to apologize; therefore I was forced to avenge myself in the only way opened to me."

While Charles Stuart was explaining the matter to Horace Walpole, Cyrus gave the Baron a short account of it. He was sober enough *now* and was not unprepared to hear the Baron reply rather gloomily:

"The only end of it all must be a duel, for a blow given is a mortal insult, no matter what the provocation."

To which conclusion Lord Ashton's friends had also arrived, and that nobleman having long ere this regained an upright position and his usual *sangfroid*, requested one of them "to arrange matters for him," and left the room. Charles Stuart acted for Cyrus, and he soon found his way to his lodgings, there to await his friend, who would

come to inform him of the time and place of meeting. He spent a night of bitter, anxious thought. He had but acted in accordance with the natural impulse a brave, true man must feel to resent a wanton insult; and yet, where rumor was so busy and so false, how would his father learn the truth until letters reached him, which would probably not be until after the public prints had done their work. And the mother, whose teaching had ever been of "peace and good-will," how would she feel as she read of her son's quarrel in a public coffee-house? while anxiety as to his subsequent safety would well-nigh make her ill. This brought before him the probable result, for my Lord Ashton's ball usually hit no less surely than his last words had done. It was difficult to realize *this* as the end of all the bright hopes and ambitions with which he had left Virginia—so short a time ago, it seemed, in looking back. He would not waken Raleigh, and was sincerely thankful that Samuel was so far away; yet, in the utter lack of all human sympathy, the brave young fellow bowed his head upon his hands and wept as he had not done since his mother was wont to wipe away all childish tears.

It was a relief to his overburdened spirit, and ere very long he was enabled to look all calmly in the face, and having offered up a prayer to God, who watched over him in the midst of the whirl and temptations of London, no less than in the

quiet country home, he slept until Raleigh waked him next morning, saying:

"Mr. Stuart is waiting in de sitting-room to see you, sah."

Mr. Stuart told him that the next day at sunrise, in a thicket about a quarter of a mile from the river, on the opposite bank, Lord Ashton would meet him.

"We will not attend at the Temple to-day," he continued, "for neither you nor I is fit for it."

So they determined to go to Richmond Hill for the morning, and when Traquair left him at night-fall, with the promise to meet him at Charing-Cross an hour before sunrise, Cyrus was very calm, comparatively, and afterwards obtained some much-needed rest. I say *comparatively* calm, for I do not believe any man who has not more of the brute than the human in his nature can face cold steel or iron without some emotion; however, Cyrus wrote letters to his parents and brothers, and when Traquair met him next morning he was the more composed of the two, for Charles Stuart knew Lord Ashton to be a fine shot, and that he was not one who would be inclined to consider the youth and inexperience of his antagonist.

Raleigh heard his master moving at this very early hour, and though he wondered much thereat, yet, not until he heard footsteps on the stair and then the door of the hall closed, did he determine to find out what was the cause of it all. A few

minutes later he found his master's room empty, and going out reached Charing-Cross just in time to see Mr. Stuart and Cyrus drive off in a hackney-coach together toward the great Bridge. He felt instinctively that something was wrong, and impelled by curiosity, but still more by a sense of responsibility in watching over his young master's safety, *he* also took a coach, and proceeding in the same direction, arrived where the first had stopped. He saw Cyrus a hundred yards off shake hands with a gentleman, and then walking away from him take his stand some ten paces back. While Raleigh was moving breathlessly toward them he heard "One, two, three!" ring out upon the clear morning air, and when he had almost touched his master's arm, whizz! came his Lordship's ball, grazing Cyrus' side very closely, so that his lace pocket was torn, and burying itself in Raleigh's outstretched arm as he exclaimed:

"Oh, Mars Cyrus! I tried ter call from de woods which hid me, but my tongue was pa'alyzed, an' only my feet could mobe w'en I see dat gent'man tryin' to kill yo'; but now I'se foun' my tongue an' I begs yo' ter quit dis bloody wuk."

All of the master's anxiety was now for his servant, and the surgeon was promptly called, who pronounced it only a flesh wound, which with care would soon heal. The poor fellow said:

"'Tis on'y a scratch, sah! but er quarter of an inch nearer an' yo' would hab been kilt, an' how

could I ebber hab tol' my master an' missus dat I saw you kilt an' couldn't stop hit?"

Raleigh's wound had perhaps saved his master's life, for it put an end to the duel, as his Lordship was somewhat touched, and recalled his words, declaring that "even the negroes were not savage in the Colony of Virginia;" and he added, "I am almost glad that that last glass was a little too much for me, and made my hand unsteady; else would that young flint-box have been laid low, never to rise again."

His second being satisfied, the duel was declared ended. The account of this duel and its very unique result was soon made known, and much talked of in the London world. Shortly after a ball was given by Mr. Horace Walpole at his beautiful home, "Strawberry Hill." Thither repaired our young Virginian and Charles Stuart, and Cyrus found himself not less popular for having fought. Standing near a pleasant Frenchwoman, to whom he had been presented on some former occasion, she extended her hand to him, saying:

"I am right glad to talk with Monsieur Griffin. Will he be kind enough to tell me something of the American women he holds in such high esteem that he will adventure his life for their fair name, even like the knights of the olden time?"

"Certainly, madame, if it be your pleasure to listen. Albeit I know but few besides the women of our own home-circle in Williamsburg, yet at my

Lord Governor's ball saw I many fair dames whose beauty is not surpassed in all this brilliant company, withal they are very graceful. Yet, methinks there is perhaps more stateliness of manner among the English women in a large assembly such as this, for they have many more opportunities of acquiring it. Our colony resembles England as a child resembles its mother. And as a child's nature is more simple and its intelligence and refinement less developed than an adult's, so our colony has not yet cultivated all of the conventionalities which are here considered elegances. Yet we have much entertainment in Williamsburg, because of the petty court which the Lord Governor holds with due pomp and ceremony, thereby giving a slight touch of royalty to the social life at the capital. He was pleased to say of my lady mother 'that her manners were all that would be required at St. James.' ”*

“I like to hear of madame, your mother, but tell me now of your *jeunes filles*; are *they* very charming? or are they careless of their complexions and of their beauties, and do they grow stout like the English women?”

“Ah! madame, my brother Samuel should be here, for *he* can better speak on this subject than I, as he has a happy way of blending the study of the fair sex with that of the classics. *My cousins* have

*This was said of Abigail Smith, Mrs. John Adams, of Massachusetts.

right rosy cheeks and pearly teeth. Perhaps some of them may have profited by reading your valuable French treatises on the subject of female beauty and its preservation. Yet methinks one can wish no goodlier sight than *yon* fair girl standing just opposite and surrounded by a coterie of admirers. Will you tell *me now* of some of *London's* beauties?"

"The tall, fair girl you speak of is Miss Townshend, a cousin of our host; she is very pretty and her robe and coiffure are in excellent taste. Shall I present you to her? Lady Bunbury is also handsome; she was the Lady Sarah Lenox, whom the King would have asked to marry him, if he had not been King; and the Lady Lucy Darcy is a fresh, sweet rosebud. Come, *mon ami*, you must know some of these."

"Thanks, madame," said Cyrus; and giving his arm to the marchioness they crossed the room, and she presented him to the beautiful girl whose appearance had attracted his attention when he first entered.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Griffin," she said with charming frankness of manner. "I wish to thank you for the good lesson you have taught my cousin, Lord Ashton. He is not altogether bad, but he has been much spoiled by flattery and fawning since he attained his majority and his wealth. I fear we women are ourselves somewhat responsible for the light way in which your sex too

often regard us. We pay court to rank and value too much the little attentions paid us by titled men, and thus they presume that they are indispensable to us, and that we are placed in society to be danced with, jested with, flirted with, and then made the theme of some rude wit which it is thought will never be heard of by us. Curiously enough, too, these same men would be quick to resent aught said against the *special* objects of their own care or love; yet cannot realize the real cowardice they are guilty of in not regarding all good women with chivalrous respect."

"You gave the true solution of this state of things when you commenced speaking," said the Baron of Wolverton, who had joined the group. "There is too great eagerness on the part of mothers to form marriages of rank and wealth for their daughters; and when mothers make marketable wares of their fair young maidens, our noblemen and gentlemen fall into the very vulgar fashion which you so justly condemn." Here he offered his arm to the marchioness, and bowing to Miss Townshend, left Cyrus in undisturbed possession for the brief space of five minutes. Then her hand was claimed for the dance, and Charles Stuart having joined him, he told him of his reception by Miss Townshend and of the sentiments she had expressed.

"No one ever speaks of *her* save with respect," said Traquair; "she has won the admiration of *all*

by her constancy to young Howard, the cousin of my Lord Castletree, and heir presumptive to his estates until last year, when his lady, most unexpectedly to the world, presented him with a son. Until that time it was always intended that Howard and Miss Townshend should marry, and all were glad that my Lord had no children and that his rent roll of ten thousand pounds per annum would in the end fall to Howard, but when this was changed many objections to him were found. Yet Miss Townshend stands firm in her love and trust, and I do not doubt they will be married ere long. But we are both needed now to act as cavaliers to some fair ones to the saloon, where we will see the beautiful collection of antiques, vertu, porcelain, etc., for which this house is famed. No one would come here without making a tour of inspection. There is the Lady Lucy Darcy, with her mother. I bequeath them to you, and will look for some less fortunate who will take *me* for lack of a better escort."

So saying he left Cyrus, who asked permission to accompany the two ladies to the adjoining room, where Walpole's famous collection was to be seen. He enjoyed very much the bright chatter of the fresh young girl just from the school-room, but who was somewhat more accomplished than many women of the period. He thus learned by degrees something of the different phases of life *a la mode*, and saw it had many very distinctly

defined elements in its composition. Just as there is great variety in every landscape, although at first we only notice the *whole* scene spread out before us; then gradually we see the light and shade, each striving as it were for mastery, but neither giving way to the other entirely. Were it not so, how much of beauty would be lost! All sunshine would bring each barren rock and hillside into too bold relief; all shade would hide the valleys from our view. "A hundred years since" society had, as it has now, its good and evil, its lights and shadows; the shadows haply hide much, the lights show us many noble deeds performed by men and women whose lives, guided by the only Perfect Man, may in the end pervade even the darkness of crime and cause it to disappear.

And if Cyrus did not pass through the ordeal entirely unscathed, if he at times played too heavily at cards or lingered too long over the wine-cup, yet he offended in these points but rarely, for the mother was praying at home and the son was conscious of her influence; so that if temptation proved strong, "consideration, like an angel, came and whipped the offending Adam out of him." So the height of the season was passed, and soon Traquair was going to Scotland for a vacation, and Cyrus would join Samuel at Oxford, from whence they would start for a tour among the Welsh Hills.

CHAPTER V.

TELLS OF OXFORD'S CLASSIC SHADES AND OF A CERTAIN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN AND HIS FAIR DAUGHTER,
"MISTRESS DOLLY BRAXTON."

"Maiden in whose deep brown eyes many a light and shadow lies."

While Cyrus had thus studied law and London, Samuel was busy with his classical studies at Oxford. The Baron of Wolverton had given him several letters of introduction, and among them one to a Reverend Dr. Braxton, in whose house, of true refinement and simple manners, Samuel spent many of his leisure hours, giving as reason for so doing that "The learning of the Doctor was very great, and he had so fine a library." To which his college "chum" made reply, "And withal he has so winsome a daughter; and *we* are left many evenings when we are having such merry times because of the Doctor's 'library,' alias his *daughter*." To which raillery Samuel would sometimes yield and have his share of the merriment and wake up with a headache next morning, but recover from it ere very long and return to his studies, which were not very difficult, because of his innate love for them. Life at Oxford was certainly delightful. To the student it presented rare opportunities; to the so-called student many pleasures such as only university life *can* give; and to the churchman much

to foster love for the faith for which men had there been martyred.

Dr. Braxton felt that life was a rich boon to him, as with wife, children, and friends, a comfortable living, and a hope far above and beyond all of these, he kept the even tenor of his way and had open heart and home for young and old, rich and poor, high and low. We cannot wonder that Samuel and many other students found themselves often in the fine "library" with the Doctor, or in the drawing-room with "Mistress" Dolly Braxton and her mother; and that the five months Samuel had spent there had sped away "on the wings of the wind." In August, Cyrus joined him, and was cordially welcomed at "Hazeldean Parsonage."

"When will you start on your Welsh tour, Mr. Griffin?" said the Doctor to Samuel a few evenings after Cyrus arrived.

"On Thursday, sir," replied Samuel, "for we wish to be in Llandaff on Sunday."

"And may I ask why you prefer Wales to Scotland? Both have great natural beauties, certainly; indeed, that may be said of each portion of Great Britain. 'Tis a land wondrously favored by nature, and *this* has made her great in science, arts and letters, for nature is their mother. But to the American, Scotland would seem to be naturally very attractive because of its historical associations, while Wales is not well known even to us who live so near its borders?"

"We have developed some poetic feeling in the colonies, sir," Cyrus laughingly replied, "and it is *this* which makes us prefer Wales this summer; for Samuel's 'poetic' nature makes him long to search out all the legendary lore connected with 'the Griffins' or 'Griffiths' of by-gone ages."

"I might have known some such romantic motive led you to its wilds and mountain fastnesses; you will find it a land rich in treasures of song and story."

On Thursday they left, and Samuel sent a knot of red ribbons to Mistress Dolly Braxton and hoped she would sometimes wear them "in her bonnie brown hair."

First through the beautiful Berkshire country, then along down the Severn's sedgy banks they glided, and reached Llandaff on Saturday evening. They established their headquarters there, and made plans for many excursions over the hills, on the swift little "Merlin" ponies so far as they could have sure footing, and trusting to the aid of stout sticks, strong sinews, and steady nerve for the rest of the steep ascents. Tide-water Virginia is a very flat country, and the Welsh Mountains were the first our travelers had ever seen, as they loomed up before them in their sublime and awful beauty on this Sunday morning, and the charm did not lessen as they grew more accustomed to the sight. They loved to wander among the peaks for hours, and throwing the reins to their servants they would toil up the mountain's side, and reach-

ing the top breathe a purer, freer atmosphere than in the valleys below, the while gaining strength in body and soul and spirit. Around them, far and wide, they saw other mountain ranges, and in the valleys lying between were gently-flowing streams and placid lakes, mirrors set in frames of emerald green, upon which the sheep were browsing, thinking naught of the shearers' scissors or the knife. Then, looking up, the clouds seemed almost to touch the earth, and would break into fragments and float in pure white ether down the mountain's slope until they vanished into nothingness.

Sometimes, seated on the top-most rock with which each mountain seemed to be capped, they would stay for hours reading the legends of the bards who for centuries past had expressed in the strength of their native tongue the brave deeds of their sires and their love for their fatherland. One evening they sought refuge from a storm in a shepherd's cottage; and when he knew the interest they felt in these wild songs, he offered to recite to them one which told of Llewellyn ap Griffith, and when they had given ready assent he closed his eyes, remained silent a few moments, then broke out into the following:

"LEGEND OF THE VISION OF LLEWELLYN AP GRIFFITH."

"In the long, long ago, in the days of ap Griffith,
When the Saxon King Harold ruled Britain's proud realm,
Our King sat unheeding and heard not the thunder,
For sad were his thoughts and his soul all unbending
As he pictured his home far away on the mountains
And his two fair young eaglets in eyrie so free.

Should the proud Saxon cage them and end their wild soar-
ings,
And he their brave sire, too, in captivity die?
Firm resolve came upon him, and a fierce oath then made he,
That ere the next sunset had lowered on the land,
Himself, or King Harold, in Death's grasp should lie.

"Then sleep fell upon him, and a bright vision glorious,
From the great Spirit world, came and spoke to him thus:
'Fear not thou, Llewellyn, though traitorous minions
Shall yield up thy fortress and give thee to death,
Yet in far distant lands shall thy sons honored be
When those who betray thee and he who will conquer
Will all by the Norman's brave legions lie slain.
May peace rest now with thee; to-morrow will bear thee
In spirit away from the scene of this strife.
What matters it, then, though thy *body* be headless?
Thy *soul* shall be crowned with glory and light.'

"E'en so, on the morrow the murderers came near,
And smote from his body his grand kingly head,
And sent it to Harold, who blushed for their treason,
And buried it sadly, with meet honors due him
Whom in life he had fought with the hope of subduing
In fair fight between them, not by dastardly crime.
And he said, 'Though the Saxon should seize on the country,'
That the two fair young boys still in freedom should live,
So comes it to pass, that a legion of Griffiths
Have sprung from these offshoots of famous Llewellyn.

While the shepherd recited these lines with a gentle, swaying motion of his body, the measured cadence of his voice and soft Celtic accent made a richness of sound which it is impossible to describe.

The weeks passed away, and at last Caernarvon was reached, and they lingered some time near it and heard stories from the peasantry of all that Cromwell's soldiers did in their country; but one of the great Edward I interested them far more, as

told them by a guide who went with them through the ruins of the Castle.

“The great Edward of England was a most crafty Prince; and he devised a skilful plan by which he gained the consent of the Welsh kings to be governed by England. ‘No prince who speaks an English word shall e’er have dominion over us,’ said they.

“‘It shall be so, my friends,’ the King replied. ‘I will give you a prince to rule over you who speaks no word of English.’ So saying, he brought the little baby prince before them, who was too young to speak at all, and added, ‘Ye see a native Prince of Caernarvon who knows no English; even he shall rule you, and be called Prince of Wales.’”

October came all too quickly, and they were reluctantly compelled to retrace their steps and commence another term of nine or ten months of study, which for Cyrus would be lightened by the many amusements London afforded, and to Samuel by the pleasure study gave him and the society of the Reverend Doctor and his wife and Mistress Dolly Braxton, of whom his “chum” said:

“She has not mourned deeply for you, Griffin; or at least she has not been made less rosy thereby, for never have I seen her look quite so bewitching as she did at church the Sunday after you left; and since then she has lost nothing, I think.”

To make sure of which, Master Samuel was not

long in finding opportunity; and repairing to the rectory, one cold November afternoon, espied Mistress Dolly, with scarlet cloak and hood, and a basket in her hand, coming from the opposite direction, where lived several poor families of her father's parish. Very like a Red Riding-hood she looked, and Samuel determined to play the Wolf and reach her father's gate before she did in order that he might waylay her. 'Twas very justifiable, for "a hundred years since," in the quiet vicarage, young maidens were very carefully guarded, and but few opportunities were afforded for the predatory visits of the smart university men who sought to obtain them.

So Master Wolf quickens his pace, and extends his walk some few yards beyond the gate before he meets with Red Riding-hood; and quoth he, in a pleading, lamb-like voice:

"Good-evening, Mistress Dolly; may I carry your heavy basket for you to the rectory? I am on my way to see your father with reference to a certain disputed sentence in one of Cicero's orations against Catiline."

Now, Red Riding-hood had carried the pannier filled with but little difficulty, yet she kindly thanked him and resigned the now empty basket to his keeping, as if it were a relief to have a great burden taken from her, and Master Wolf no doubt found it *very* heavy, which was the reason he walked so slowly by her side to the house, and did

not speak in a very loud tone as he talked with but little intermission, until they reached the hall door and he entered with her. His very sharp (wolfish) eyes took note of the fact that she wore a red knot of ribbon in her hair at tea, and as he thought upon it that night after having translated the puzzling sentence, he did not bear any wolfish resemblance, but was a very attractive, clever boy, who was studying from a book which caused him pleasure if one might judge from the happy smile which lit up his face; and he went to sleep and dreamed that instead of the wolf devouring Red Riding-hood, she transformed *him* into a very loving young fellow.

And while Samuel studied the classics and some fairy tales, and Cyrus was busy at the law, they received letters from home telling them that Corbin had returned some months from Canada, and wrote of a matter of "deep personal interest."

"When you return, you will find me, established at Rippon Hall I hope, and you will not wonder that I am going to leave the dear old home of my parents for one of my own, (inherited from my mother), when I make known to you a secret, which has been mine only since I came back some three months ago. This momentous secret is—that Miss Berkeley—the younger of the two sisters who were visiting in Williamsburg, has promised to share that home with me,—so when you come back you will find *one* need filled which we three

have often spoken of as a lack of completeness in our lives—and as a *sister* I believe she will be no less affectionate and admirable, than I have good cause to think she will ever be to me as a wife. I am very, very happy, and the parents on each side have naught but pleasant things to say of our engagement, so thus far we have proved Mr. Wm. Shakespeare wrong, and our course of true love is running very smooth, I trust it may always so continue. Pursue your studies with all diligence, for we miss you at home and I have to play three parts in one during your absence, which under any circumstances would be a difficult task, and is rendered more so, because *now* one, other party claims me as belonging by exclusive right of possession to her; and I am only too happy to recognize her claims. Good-bye now, as I cannot write longer to-day. Your affect. brother,

“CORBIN GRIFFIN

“*To Messrs. Samuel and Cyrus Griffin (students).*”

During this term nothing occurred to interrupt their course of studies, for there was a period of comparative rest in the colonies. Mr. Henry had returned to the bar, although still a member of the Burgesses, and his matchless eloquence was for once displaying itself before juries rather than to the popular mind and feeling; and Cyrus was all the more ready to throw law aside when the hot months came, now that Virginia would not per-

haps need the service of her sons so soon as had been at one time anticipated. Charles Stuart wished Samuel and Cyrus both to visit him at his father's fine old castle in Peebles, and in August Cyrus wrote to his brother of the invitation which had been extended to them, and added "that he seconded Traquair's wish very warmly, for London was dull, and all the gay world at Tunbridge, Bath, or country-houses of the noblemen and gentry;" which "gay world" being of very small account to Mr. Samuel in the comparative seclusion of his Oxford life, it is quite probable its movements would not have affected him and that he would have postponed joining Cyrus until later, but going on one of his visits to the rectory and seeing Mrs. Braxton at work on a very pretty little traveling-bag of white linen lined with crimson, he remarked that "Red is a favorite color with me, and is especially becoming to Mistress Dolly."

And Mrs. Braxton replied, "Yes, and for that reason I have chosen it as a suitable lining for her traveling-bag, for Dolly is to go very soon on a visit to Lady Bunbury, her cousin."

To which Samuel, with some assumed carelessness of manner, made answer, "I am very glad that Mistress Dolly will have so fine a time, as I have heard the Lady Bunbury provides well for all of her guests." Mistress Dolly herself, the mother

had told him, "had ever been a great favorite with her Ladyship since she was a toddling child."

To this interview may be ascribed the fact that Samuel wrote to Cyrus of his great willingness to accompany him to Scotland in a very short time, where "we will stay," he said, "until I am obliged to come back to study, etc., from which I long to be at rest for at least a while."

Cyrus marveled much at this; nevertheless, he was heartily glad that his brother would for once acknowledge that books wearied him, so he made all ready for the proposed visit to Traquair Castle.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH OUR YOUNG VIRGINIANS VISIT TRAQUAIR CASTLE.

"Caledonia, stern and wild, meet nurse for a poetic child."

The second week in August, Traquair and his friends left the noise and heat of London far behind them, and arrived two days later on the Scottish border, from which a few hours of easy riding would bring them to Traquair Castle in Peebles. It was a fine old Norman structure, enclosing within its four stone walls a courtyard some sixty feet square. Turrets capped each corner of the building, while from the centre of the front wall a high iron gateway marked the spot where the portcullis had formerly been. The drawbridge had been replaced by a light iron structure, and the moat was now dry, forming with its banks a meadow of grass most pleasing to the eye. An air of peace and serenity was over all as the three travelers, from a turn in the road, came in sight of the Tweed Valley, in which the old castle stood. The ride along the banks of the rippling stream soon brought them to the gateway, where a warder stood, clad in the livery of peaceful times, a combination of the Tartan and the more modern servingman's costume. In the courtyards, servants in the same livery took charge of their horses, and at the inner doorway his Lordship's

body-servant ushered them from the hall entrance to the room of state, saying:

"We are all highly pleased to have you at home once more, Master Charles. His Lordship and the young ladies are just in here, sir." As he opened the door, the Earl came forward to meet them, and bade his son welcome, saying:

"My boy, I am right glad you have come back to your home and to your old father." Then while he gave a warm greeting to the young Virginians, Charles found himself being caressed most lovingly by a fair young girl of seventeen summers, while a childish, wee thing clung to him with such a grasp as only children's arms can give; after a minute or two he was released and permitted to present his guests to—

"My sister, Lady Christine Stuart, and the little Lady Louise—in truth, a most diminutive specimen of a ladyship. But, Chrissy, when did you come from St. Omers? I thought you were still there a school-girl, and here I behold a very fine young woman."

"We thought it would be such fun to s'p'ise you, Charley," put in little Louise before her sister could reply, "so I begged Chrissy not to write, and here she is a tall, grown-up girl, and you didn't know anything about it at all; and I have so much to tell you about her since she came home;" but here the little mouth was stopped by a kiss from her big brother.

The architecture of the large, finely-proportioned room or hall in which they had been received was the Norman-Gothic so well adapted to the country. The walls and ceiling were of oak, and the heavily-fretted cornice of the same wood was carved in different designs, a horse-shoe being conspicuous above the rest and carved in the center of each of the four walls. These were hung with trophies of the chase and specimens of ancient armor; while between them and the cornice were carved the names and armorial bearings of each earl from the first John Stuart down to the present lord. He was a noble type of that race of men of whom Sir Walter Scott has truly said, "No man of the present day can be otherwise than proud to own them as grandsires." He had taken an active part "In the '45," and had again been ready to fight if need be for his lawful sovereign and kinsman. Now, all hope of the restoration of the Stuarts was passed; yet, his Lordship chafed inwardly at the Hanoverian yoke.

"A German Prince to rule over free-born Scotchmen. 'Tis enough to make the great Bruce arise from his tomb," he would say. "Jamie was a Scotchman, and this king is his great-great-great-grandson, yet methinks one would never recognize aught but the Hanoverian in his speech or manners. 'Tis indeed a mystery that virtues descend not so readily as vices do. Nor have philosophers yet been able to explain the fact that

great men have so few great descendants. What became of the Black Prince's blood, that his greatness failed to appear in his son Richard, and our Bruce had but a sorry successor in King Robert II. Yet the *vices* which the Duke of Rothsay showed so soon after his grandfather are seen to-day in the remotest royal descendant of Robert I, that great King and gentleman. One may indeed be the *first*, and fall far short of being the *second*, sir."

The Earl would frequently talk in this manner to the younger folks around him, and discourse to them of long-past times, of scenes of war and blood-shed, inciting in them a spirit of daring and enterprise.

It generally fell to Cyrus' lot to be the escort of Lady Christine over the hills and through the glens in the long rides which occupied a portion of nearly every day. She had come home from St. Omers most unexpectedly because of an epidemic which had broken up the school, else it is doubtful whether the Earl would have invited young strangers to his castle, who would necessarily be thrown in daily intercourse with his fair young daughter; but now the evil was done 'twas well to make the best of it, so the young people were left much to their own devices for amusement.

"In truth," the Earl said to Charles, "I like your young friends right well. They are intelligent and polished gentlemen, and the name is of great an-

tiquity in Wales; while the device—the Griffin—has been adopted by half the noble houses as a fitting emblem of rapidity in movement and strength in execution.”

So passed the days away, and in the evenings they would all gather in the great hall, and often some tale of “how the Knights defended the Border” would be recited by an old battle-seamed retainer of the house; and again wild Highland legends would while away the hours. One evening, while they were sitting around the oaken table, with tankards of ale, listening to old Fergus relate the story of “Brave MacDhu and Clan Ronald the dauntless,” they were startled by a loud knock at the postern, and shortly after the shuffling of feet near the door of the hall. Charles went out at once to discover the cause of the unusual disturbance, and by the aid of a lantern saw no greater a person than little Peter Shrimple, a deacon of the adjoining kirk, who sought protection from a rapidly-rising storm within Traquair’s hospitable doors. “In faith, my young Lord, sairly do I fear the darkness, and knowing weel your Lordship’s persuasion to be of the papacy, yet mak’ I bold to claim shelter for the night at your hands, for nane is e’er turned awa’ from this hoose, I hear.”

“Rest in peace,” good Peter, said Charles, as he returned to the hall and told the poor fellow’s plight to his father.

“He says truly,” replied the Earl; “none e’er

sought shelter in these old walls and was refused; why once e'en did we save the life of that sleuth-hound Gilbert. It was in '45, when the Prince Charles Edward fought in vain for his crown. He was hidden in safety, and we were ourselves keeping quiet, when Gilbert and his pack came to search the castle and demanded the keys of old Fergus there, who was warder; well, Fergus knew that the King, myself, and the treasure were all safe, so without much resistance he handed over the keys. After making vain search, Gilbert returned them with an oath, and would have ridden away, but he saw the castle all surrounded with King Charles' men under the trusty MacDonald.

" 'We seek only Gilbert, he who has tracked our liege sovereign; the others may go,' said their leader.

"Now Fergus—albeit it seemed an act of folly—thought shame to let a foe be taken in a snare like a bird, so he quickly opened yon sliding panel and thrust Gilbert into space behind. A sore fright he gave him, for he told him if he did not then give up his commission he would deliver him over to MacDonald, and the bully and braggart e'en gave it up to him, and so he had no more authority in King George's name to harm our people. Then when all was quiet Fergus took him in safety away from Peebles, but so sore was his fright that he never showed his face here again, and Fergus did

more good to the country by ridding it of such a pest than if he had slain six men in battle."

"Samuel," said Cyrus, when they were alone, "truly we have come into a home where friend and foe alike are sure of fair play, and the laws of hospitality are only exceeded by the love for the Church and the Stuarts. The women even lead the men in these matters, and the Lady Christine is more zealous a papist than Charles himself, or even the Earl. You should see her eyes glow as I tell Dr. Mercer's story."

"Take care she does not lead you away from our Mother Church, brother mine," replied Samuel. "Her eyes may well cast a glamour over your spiritual vision, albeit you have been well trained in the true faith."

Six or eight weeks were spent at Traquair Castle, and tales of Rob Roy and the MacGregors were to be heard everywhere in the vicinity. And fain would they have lingered in this land, which they found no less rich than Wales in historic and minstrel lore; but they must be off to Edinboro, so with many regrets they turned their faces southward at last, and Cyrus for the first time felt that there was a remote possibility that he was not armed in proof, but *might* sooner or later find a vulnerable point in his armor.

Christine wrote to her aunt in Edinboro:

"You will see this brave young gentleman, and will not wonder that my brother has formed so

warm a friendship for him. My father e'en looks upon him with much favour, and pronounces him accomplished and learned for his age. (Mr. Samuel Griffin is very polished, and yet I like Cyrus better.) He is tall and handsome I think, and as my father tells some tale of lofty daring his eyes flash, and he seems all aglow with enthusiasm."

As the Lady Louisa Stuart Campbell folded this letter she soliloquized: "And so you, my fair niece, forsooth took note of the young stranger? Go back to St. Omers, my child, and forget all the tales of war and romance, and learn wisdom, and faith, and love and reverence for our holy Mother the Church."

Instead of Chrissy doing this, she stayed at Traquair, and in her prayers for all "Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics," she remembered Mr. Cyrus Griffin, and to satisfy all scruples as to making her prayers personal, she added the name of his brother Samuel.

The Lady Louisa Stuart Campbell was not disappointed when she met her nephew's friends. She went with them to the many places of interest in the beautiful old city, and only declined the ascent to the top of Arthur's seat, pleading in excuse "that sixty years made it too wearisome." At Holyrood she told them how the young Pretender had danced so gayly there before the battle of Culloden, and then had slept in the illstarred chamber through which Rizzio's body had been

dragged; she went with them to the top of Calton Hill, from which they could see across the Frith into Fifeshire, and told them how many glad arrivals and sad departures had taken place on the shores they were gazing at, from the time "the storm bore the first Matilda to be a blessing to the land, until Charles Edward in '53 stood for the last time on Scottish soil." Then she added:

"I know right well how loyal your colony was to his most sacred Majesty Charles II; so I speak to you thus of the last King Charles, who wandered about in deserts and caves of the earth."

But time would fail to tell of the manifold stories connected with every portion of Scotland's capital. In all mountainous countries more of romance lingers than in the lowlands. It is bound in by the vast hills and cannot escape from them; and after this highland tour of only two months was over, it was like a sudden descent from the land of fancy to that of prose to settle down to books again. But so it had to be, and Cyrus and Traquair went bravely to work, while Samuel went to his tasks with light heart and active brain, for his "chum" told him confidentially:

"For once I have been mistaken. Mistress Dolly has not been caught yet, and she is coming home at X-mas without yielding to any of the suits made by titled or untitled gentry."

So he went to the rectory and learned to his further satisfaction that, "It is the last visit Dolly

will make for a long, long time to come; a little excitement is very good for all young folks, but too much of it is ruinous; and," added the Vicar, "I would not have my Dolly spoiled, sir, for all the fine speeches we hear made about her. They say she has more charm of manner now that she has seen a little of the world, but she suited us at home very well as she was, and I only pray she may come with the same fresh young heart she carried away."

All doubt on this point was set at rest when on X-mas eve the old coach drew up to the rectory gate and Dolly alighted without aid, and meeting her father and mother—with out-stretched arms ready to receive her—nestled closely to them as a little bird who has found its nest.

The father was quite sure that she was not spoiled by the tinsel and the fine things she had seen, and never questioned that it was only the home and home folk that formed her chief joy; but the mother's eye had somewhat deeper insight, and she knew that if her motive had been to separate the two young folks whom she saw were becoming all in all to each other, that with Dolly at least the plan had failed.

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH TREATS OF SOME COLONIAL MATTERS, SOME FAMILY MATTERS, AND GIVES US A GLIMPSE OF TUNBRIDGE.

"England's Capital was gathered there; her beauty and her chivalry."

Matters between the colonies and Great Britain had now assumed a more threatening aspect. Henry seemed to wield a magic power over the Burgesses and people, while other leading minds united their efforts with his to rouse Virginia to armed resistance. In this state of affairs Corbin wrote to his brothers:

"In the midst of the gay preparations for the all-important family event of Easter week, (which has occupied my mother and Mammy Tina for six months past, while the Berkeley Mansion and household have been in a state of preparation for twelve I believe), we cannot forget the grave situation of public affairs. My father comes each day from the Burgesses deeply impressed by Mr. Henry's powerful oratory, and fidelity to his *convictions* of right; yet, whether or not it is lawful or expedient to have an open rupture, with the mother country, is a question of so much doubt and perplexity, that even the silver-tongued lawyer, cannot scatter them, and make a man's duty plain to him. In the event of an appeal to arms, you will be speedily recalled home, for Virginia

will need each of her sons to aid her in such an unequal contest."

Upon receipt of this letter Samuel wrote at once to his parents, telling them of his love for "Mistress Dolly Braxton," which he wished to declare to her, but could not do so before he had confided his secret to *them*. He delayed this no longer, because Corbin's letter intimated that Cyrus and himself might soon be called home, and years would intervene before peaceful relations would exist between the colonies and England again.

"And I would avoid such a long separation if it be Mistress Dolly's pleasure to accept my suit, by asking her to marry me, before I return to Virginia," he pleaded.

Then, as no answer could reach him before August, he prepared with great diligence for the closing examinations, as an antidote to the suspense in which he was held. He passed them with honor, and Mistress Dolly was radiant with pleasure at his success, while the irrepressible "chum" said to their messmates:

"Griffin is the luckiest fellow. He comes here from a half-savage country, wishes an honor and takes it, which should satisfy any reasonable man; but, not content with it, he wins the approval of the prettiest girl in Oxford and wears her posy as if it were his title clear to happiness; well, let's have a merry-making in his honor, for he is my friend and a true-born English gentleman, altho'

his father did him wrong in leaving the old land for the new."

Cyrus was much disappointed at the probability that he would not finish his law studies in the Temple, for its associations with the past and his increasing friendship with Traquair made him enjoy his daily routine there; yet he sometimes acknowledged that it would be a very wise thing for him to go as far away from Scotland as might be, for his thoughts *would* wander back to Traquair Castle and the Lady Christine more frequently than was well for him, a simple Virginia gentleman of aristocratic ideas and high lineage certainly, yet not one whom a "peer of the realm" would look upon as a suitable match for his daughter.

Bulwer has truly said "That the destinies of our lives often spring from the impulses of unguarded moments." So it proved with Cyrus. He had passed a week at X-mas at Lady Louisa Stuart Campbell's, and there Lady Christine was spending the winter, and had been introduced into society under her aunt's chaperonage. The season was an exceptionally mild one, and on a bright sunny morning, such as does not visit Scotland often, a little cavalcade set out for a ride to Roslyn Castle. Cyrus, as during the last summer, acted as the Lady Christine's cavalier. On reaching the castle they dismounted and entered, lingering long while the wonderfully-wrought pillars and roof arrested their attentions. The ruinous old castle which

Cromwell's men had battered down contained one room which Lady Christine especially desired to see. It was on the ground floor, and there Queen Mary had once found refuge "when the wrath of her people was gone out against her." A narrow stairs cut in the hillside led them to it, and greatly they wondered at the hard earth floor, the narrow opening in the wall by which it was lighted, and the funnel reaching many feet above them, through which the smoke from the fire escaped.

"And was it in this dreary room that the beautiful Queen lived for some days?" asked Christine of their guide.

"Aye, mi Leddy; and richt weel contented was she wi' it; for she kenned, puir thing, that e'en the ground wod prove a softer pillow for her head than the block it was laid on at the last."

When they reached the top of the stair again, there was still time to visit the Hawthorn Glen before the short winter day drew to its close, so the whole party decided to venture down the precipitous path. Christine had visited the place often, and knew each point well. From a shelving rock about half-way down a very fine view of the Glen could be obtained by looking over the extreme verge of the precipice. The path was perfectly safe, but the tempting rock had from some cause become loosened, and while it appeared to be firmly imbedded in the soil, was in reality unable to sustain even a very light weight. On

Christine went, unconscious of any danger, and eager to reach the point of vantage before the rest.

As she arrived at the spot she hesitated for one second, and then stepped upon the treacherous rock. But now as she stood upon it she felt it totter, and, almost paralyzed with fear, turned and hurriedly retraced her steps. It was well she did, for hardly had she reached the path before the dangerous platform, upon which she had stood but one minute before, gave way and fell with a tremendous crash down the steep ravine. Christine was horror-stricken, and when she realized what a hair-breadth escape she had made from a fearful death, she was completely overcome. Her nervous system gave way beneath the shock, and she sank to the earth senseless, with her head resting on the edge of the precipice and her hand and arm extending over the deep ravine. When Cyrus reached the spot a minute later, to his horror he saw her lying thus, inanimate, so near the dreadful, yawning chasm. With a glance he saw that the only way of removing her in safety was from that side on which the chasm shelved down to the glen, for the path above was too narrow to give firm footing to more than one person at the same time. Seeing a stout sapling growing a few feet below the path, he leaped to it, and there remained anxiously watching for the first sign of consciousness, well realizing that it would be a moment of the greatest peril, because on suddenly arousing to the

sense of danger he felt that Christine would probably not have physical strength to move back into the path with the necessary caution. He knew Traquair would be with him in a few seconds, yet he seemed to live for years in that short time. Below him was the ravine more than one hundred feet deep. Above him the white face and mute lips which told him now his heart's secret more forcibly than any uttered words could have done, and he felt that he would never again after that experience be a light-hearted boy, but that he had suddenly become capable of man's deep love and keen suffering. How he longed to see some sign of life, and yet how he dreaded it, before help came, lest his strength should prove insufficient to bear her up and by so doing avert the fall into the depth below which was so apt to result from the slightest movement. Would they never come? At last Traquair was with him, and the united effort from above and below soon placed Christine in a position of safety, and Cyrus, with a step as active as a chamois, was quickly by her side in a wider path to which Traquair had borne her. The wine from his flask soon restored her to consciousness, and the party reached Edinboro in good time. Cyrus found himself quite the lion for the few days he remained in Edinboro. Lady Louisa was more than ever partial to him, his friendship with Traquair was doubly warm, and the Earl was truly grateful to the savior of his child's life. Christine herself

said, as her aunt told her all she had learned of the accident: "Aunt Louisa, when I recovered consciousness and I knew that I was safe from that horrible place I felt that *he* had had much to do with rescuing me. Charley would have given his life to save mine, but few would have seen the best mode of saving it so quickly as Mr. Griffin did. I am so glad he has proved to you that he is brave and wise also." So in less time than it takes to describe it, a life was threatened with a violent end, was saved by a cool, brave deed, and the result of it all was that two young people came to the knowledge of the fact that they were essential to each other's happiness. Yet the spring came and went, and the summer followed, and at last Charles Stuart was ready to put by books and be off to Traquair; but when he asked Cyrus when they should start, he was much amazed when that young gentleman replied:

"I cannot go with you this year, my dear old fellow, for Samuel has engaged me to go with *him* to Tunbridge Wells, pleading that he should much like to have a glimpse of the gay world there. He has been studying very faithfully, and needs the rest which he will find in listening to and entering into the conversation of the charming men and women one meets with at the Wells. You and I have enough of it *here* throughout the season, but he is debarred from much of it at Oxford."

So Traquair was fain to go alone to Scotland

this summer, and sorely did the Earl wonder why it was that Christine did not care to ride so much as last year, and altho' she loved her brother very dearly, yet she did not relish his out-of-door sports with her former zest.

"I fear me she has not yet recovered from the shock she received last winter," he said; "I will have McAlpin to see if aught be wrong." Ah! my Lord, you are right in your surmises, but there are some ailments which even McAlpin's skill cannot cure.

Samuel arrived in London soon after Traquair had left, and early in August Cyrus and himself went to Tunbridge to take part in the gaieties and pleasures of life there. Arriving on Saturday afternoon, they attended service on Sunday, and heard a sermon from no less a person than Dr. Braxton himself! The wily Samuel had not hinted to Cyrus that he had a well-defined motive in wishing to go to Tunbridge this summer, which was the hope of meeting Mistress Dolly, for he knew her father spent a portion of each year there, and some mention had been made of her accompanying him.

Now the sermon was over, the benediction given, and the churchgoers came in large numbers down the promenade, toward the pump, to quaff the midday potion of the health-giving water. The young Virginians were much entertained and amused by the brilliant array of beauty and fash-

ion, wit and learning, and gave willing ears to the little bits of conversation which reached them from time to time.

"Ah! Mistress Frances, surely those roses in your cheek prove that you have no need of Tunbridge," Dr. Johnson said to a blooming girl whom Cyrus had known in London. "In faith I have more abiding confidence in a good cup of green tea, than in all of the iron the wells contain; yet the physicians will send us poor mortals to drink the waters morning, noon, and night."

"Well, sir, you shall be rewarded this evening with a cup of my best brewing," she replied laughingly; "and indeed my aunt Tabitha says that I show no mean skill therein."

"'Twill indeed then be nectar served by a Hebe," the old gentleman gallantly replied. Then they passed on, and a continuous crowd filled the promenade, until at last Samuel caught sight of Mistress Dolly and her father, and Cyrus and himself went forward to meet them. The Vicar greeted them heartily, and Dolly with her own bright smile of welcome; and while she and his brother walked and talked together, Cyrus listened with interest to the Vicar's account of Tunbridge a few years previous.

"Ah! it was indeed a brilliant society then. Richardson and the Lady Mary Wortley Montague; Smollett and Fielding have all passed away, and I see not their equals in the present day me-

thinks. The great Johnson is still left, but *he*, even, is not quite the same, and misses sadly the companionship of former years; albeit he has Garrick still, and many other friends. The young girl you saw him with e'en now is the daughter of a Musical Doctor in London. Her name is Mistress Frances Burney, in whose society Doctor Johnson takes much pleasure." And all this while Mistress Dolly was telling Samuel of the many charms of the place, and that to-morrow there was to be a beautiful ball at the Assembly rooms, but she feared her father would not let her go, for he did not quite approve of the dancing.

Thereupon Samuel plead earnestly with the Vicar that a minuet was the most health-giving exercise, and after the quiet Oxford life 'twas very needful to indulge in it.

The Vicar touched Dolly's blushing cheeks lightly as he replied, "I fear your cause would fail for lack of evidence, Mr. Griffin; but you have a very powerful advocate in my conviction that the young need pleasure as surely as the old require rest; so perhaps Dolly will go to-morrow with the Hon. Mrs. Howard, who has asked for her."

On the morrow the little lady made all in readiness for her first great ball, and Samuel and Cyrus each claimed a dance, and she was well assured that she would not be neglected in the midst of the many great London beauties and women of rank who would grace the Assembly.

Truly, great variety was represented in the brilliant assemblage upon which they gazed. From the Duchess of Devonshire to the wives and daughters of the gentry, and merchants of wealth, rank, and fashion were visible on all sides. Here, a young scion of nobility was paying marked attention to the golden charms of Mr. Port-wine's daughter; there, Mr. Porter-and-ale or Mr. Silk-and-linen paid court to the daughter of some needy nobleman, the payment of whose debts would be fair exchange for the daughter's hand. There were haply many who, like Mrs. Howard and her Honorable husband, found love was more than gold or title, and whose genuine happiness was the brightest of the bright things one saw. Some men of letters and of wit were still at Tunbridge, and found congenial society among the women whose writing and *bon mots* have since made them famous.

Mrs. Howard had lost none of the beauty which had so attracted Cyrus three years before in London when at Mr. Walpole's ball he had heard her love-story from Traquair; and a coterie now surrounded her and Dolly as Samuel and Cyrus made their way to them through the throng.

"My little Dolly, behold your cavalier," said her guardian. "He is very like his brother, with even more of elegance perhaps in his manner and bearing. E'en my Lord Chesterfield could scarcely criticise either of them save favorably."

Dolly presented Samuel to Mrs. Howard, while to Cyrus that lady extended her hand, saying:

“ ’Tis not the first time we have met Mr. Griffin, but since my marriage I have mingled but little in the gay world; yet I am glad Dolly’s pleasure brought me to-night to this bright scene. In the colonies are your women called upon to entertain as much as the women of fashion in London?”

“In the colonies one has *more* of care, I think,” replied Cyrus. “In Virginia we lead much the same life as the landed gentry in England. There are but few towns, and the country houses are fine brick structures generally, with many acres under cultivation surrounding them; and room within their walls for many guests. In Williamsburg we entertain a great deal during the session of the Burgesses, and my Lord Botetourt insisted upon much form and ceremony. This was by no means distasteful to the colonists, for they have carried down from father to son the love for the old country and for the life here as it was under the Stuarts. The care of so many slaves gives to our women a softness of manner, for they regard them as a trust committed to them, and although in some cases it may not be so, a sense of responsibility usually gives depth of thought. Our women are companions for their husbands and sons; not simply ornaments to the home, but the mainspring in its machinery.”

The conversation was interrupted here as the

music sounded and the stately minuet began. Cyrus led Mrs. Howard out, while Samuel and Dolly followed right willingly, for her little feet had been impatiently tapping the floor for some minutes past. How charmingly, with two very small hands, she lifted her crimson satin petticoat, just exposing the tips of her sharp-pointed slippers; how gracefully Samuel placed his hand o'er his heart as he made answering bow to her curtsy; how high the little lady stepped, and what a graceful curve her fair arm made as her hand met his, poised above her head; then with what stately, measured pace they trod the length of the room together, *she* using her marvelously-wrought fan with languid ease, while *he*, with *chapeau-bras* partially concealing the lace frill on the lappet of his coat, held very daintily with his right hand his partner's gloved fingers. Then it was over, and he led her back to her seat; but not before he had whispered some words in her ear which brought back the retort:

"For shame, Mr. Griffin! What would my father say?"

"If it but please *you*, Mistress Dolly, I care for naught else; and methinks though your words be somewhat sharp there is no displeasure in your eye, and on your lips I see a shadow of a smile." Whereupon Mistress Dolly made a comical attempt at a frown, and failing therein listened unresistingly to more speeches of a like nature.

Cyrus claimed her hand for the next dance, and Samuel danced with the Lady Lucy Darcy, who had gained an added charm to her natural vivacity by two years' experience in London's society; and rumor was rife that my Lord Ashton's addresses would meet with favor from her. That nobleman was somewhat improved since he had determined to marry and take his seat in Parliament, etc., and thus assume the outward semblance of a gentleman of rank and fortune. Yet it seemed a most unequal match which would take place between the Lady Lucy and himself. She was young, chaste, and fair; he past his first youth, a blase man of the world, and showing the effects of his habits of life in the very expression of his countenance, which had lost the refinement of early years. Unfortunately, the inequality did not end here—would it had done so, for the sweet young girl's sake! But the final and decisive feature was, that the Lady Lucy's father had left her very poor, while all of Lord Ashton's reckless extravagance had not made deep inroads into his large inheritance. 'Tis the old, old story! If Adam had *not* been made "in the image and likeness of God," and Eve had had a "poverty-stricken" mother and younger sisters, yet, as he owned the garden of Eden, he would have won her consent to marry him in order that she might do her duty (?) to her bereft family!

CHAPTER VIII.

TELLS US OF A JOURNEY TAKEN BY CERTAIN PARTIES TO LONDON, AND WHAT BEFELL WHEN THEY REACHED THERE.

"Oh! there's a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, and life, and truth
That flits across the brain."

Too soon, alas, the weeks passed away, and a damp, cool morning late in August found the London Mail, with every seat engaged, awaiting the tardy passengers. The Vicar and Dolly, Drs. Johnson and Burney, Miss Burney and the two young Virginians, all of whom had been much together during these weeks, were now returning to London. At length all were seated, the coachman's whip was cracked furiously above the horses' ears, and off they started, rumbling, jolting, galloping, sliding—coach, horses, and passengers.

Dr. Johnson's brown coat was rustier than usual, and his brass buttons less shining, or more dingy, as he sat between Miss Burney and her father and gave utterance to some of those rich, rare sayings which made others stop conversing that they might hear them.

"Yes, persuaded by Boswell's entreaties and the account you have given of your journey on the continent, Burney, I am going on a tour very soon into that wild western country the Hebrides. Maybe we will be lost in the dreary wastes, and if

so Burney will have some consolation in composing a requiem for me, and perchance Miss Frances will let a tear fall into the Dresden china tea-cup which she fills with such delicious brewing."

"And what an opportunity will be lost to poor Boswell if he should never return to write a history of your adventures," replied Dr. Burney, "in which I feel assured he would take as much pleasure as I have ever done in my musical compositions. Marvelous it is that two such different men should be such close friends."

"Nay, sir, think not so; diverse elements always attract each other—'tis a law of nature; and my poor Jamie's greatest fault I can forgive much more easily than I can a weak point in others. Unfortunately, he is a Scotchman, but he is not to be held accountable for that."

The great Doctor was ever much prejudiced against the Scotch until he made his tour; and yet, such was the hospitality he met with, that he changed his views regarding them, just as in the gratitude he felt to George III for his pension, his antagonism to the House of Hanover seems to have melted away.

The Reverend Doctor discoursed much of Dr. Burney's last churchly music. Miss Burney listened with delight to the conversation of the learned men around her, as their themes changed from "grave to gay, from lively to severe." To this habit of *listening* she attributed much of her

great success in after years as a novelist. Occasionally, in her firm, yet clever speech, she would venture some bright remark which gave evidence of the mind Dr. Johnson had long ago discovered. So the "jogging along" was somewhat enlivened for the passengers, until London was reached and each went his or her own way. Dolly and her father went to the Boar's Head, and when Cyrus and Samuel reached their lodgings a packet of letters awaited them, the contents of which soon made Samuel wend his way to the same place of "entertainment for man and beast." A portion of one of the letters from his father was well preserved in the Chronicles.

"My dear son:

"Your favor of the 25th of April reached us on the 15th day of June, and after mature deliberation your mother and myself have concluded, that as the spiritual and temporal welfare of our children has ever been our chief desire, we will not oppose you in your wish to win the love of Miss Braxton. Few men in the church stand higher than the Vicar of Hazeldean, as a Christian, gentleman and scholar. His wife I remember as a girl at Cambridge; whither she came with her uncle, Lord Lenox—and if the 'girl be mother to the woman' she must be now a charming matron. Knowing so much of the parent stock, I am prepared to believe 'tis no mere love sick swain's opinion, which represents Miss Braxton in the glowing terms of

your letter, but that she is most probably a prize worth winning. Before you say more than you have yet done to her on a subject of such deep moment to us, as to yourself, you must give the enclosed to her father; this is but due to one who has so hospitably entertained you, and who may have reason to oppose your wishes.

“If it be agreeable to him that you should then tell her your secret, you have our full consent thereto; and I doubt very much if she have not already divined it, for young girls are marvelous quick at such things. (I remember your mother accepted my addresses, with no show of surprise, although I thought I had been very prudent in biding my time.)

“You must prepare to return home early in the New Year, for stormy times are soon coming upon us I fear; and if Mistress Braxton wills to come with you, she will be gladly welcomed as our daughter. Corbin and Mary Berkeley are very happy young people, and your mother enjoys much having a daughter, although she has always insisted that three boys were enough to fill heart and hands. Cyrus’ last letters are not quite so *couleur-de-rose* as formerly, which has caused us to be a little anxious lest all was not going well with the boy. Yet he seems to be applying himself diligently, and Mr. Walpole writes that he is acquitting himself creditably in the Temple, and in the circles in which he moves in London. Now my

son with love to your brother, from us and praying Heaven to speed your wooing, I am,

“Your loving father,

“LLEWELLYN GRIFFIN.”

A few words from his mother followed, so full of sympathy and loving tenderness that Samuel felt as if his cause were half won; and he presented himself and his father's letter with all speed to the Vicar. He read it carefully again and again before speaking, then he said:

“And so you wish to take from us our Dolly, Mr. Griffin? Why, sir, she is but eighteen, and upon *your* chin I see no beard. I would you could wait a year; yet your father's letter tells me that you must return full soon to America. Well, 'tis a very grave question and one the good wife must help me to decide. So the matter must rest until we meet again at Oxford, but in meantime hope on, sir.”

And Master Samuel must perforce return to his lodgings without seeing Mistress Dolly for another week, as she was to leave early the next morning for her home; but he had some little satisfaction in telling Cyrus of his “whole course of love” and in the sympathy which he received.

When he paid his first visit to the Vicarage he felt that his suit was *two-thirds* won, for Mrs. Braxton, as good women always do, plead the cause of the young folk and had said to the Vicar, “I left my father's home for you; and I must e'en expect

our children to leave us. We have known Mr. Griffin for two years now, and I think we may trust our Dolly to his keeping. I do not believe she will say him nay, but she must not be influenced by us; let him speak for himself, John, and if our child loves him, why what must be, must be, and 'twill be better not to make things harder for her in leaving us, by opposition to her wishes."

"You always decide in these matters well, my wife," said the Vicar; "but what will the days and the years be without the bright face and winning ways which have become so much a part of our every-day life? Master Griffin will recover from his first disappointment and Dolly is too light-hearted to be much cast down."

"Oh! John, John, you know not what you are saying; 'tis true that thoughtless men make love to giddy girls, and sooner or later all is over and forgotten; but *this* is no sudden, impulsive love on the part of *our young* people; and even though the heaviest trials are made less sharp by time, and other pleasures may follow which *seem* to make their remembrance disappear, we would not be those who spoke the word to cause the *first* great trouble to our child. 'Twould doubtless pass away, but I think we would ever after fancy that we saw a tear in every smile."

The Vicar spent some time after this alone in his library. He knew in his heart that his wife was right; that he was pleading only for himself when

he had tried to believe he was consulting Dolly's best interest—it would make such a void in his heart to have her go; so after carrying his case before that Tribunal to which he was wont to appeal in all difficulties, he came out and told Samuel that he could “speak for himself.” And having gained this permission, he was not slow to avail himself of it, but asking Mistress Dolly to walk in the grounds with him, he led her to the spot where a year ago he had thought of her as Red Riding-hood, and then he said:

“Will you let me tell you now, Mistress Dolly, what I have known for long months past that I *must* tell you, sooner or later? I have been very happy here in Oxford, and in Wales, and Scotland; looked back to the winter which was past and forward to the winter which was to come, because of the great happiness that I felt here. Until I knew you, I had been content with Cyrus; since we had gone first hand-in-hand to school; fought, and loved each other better afterwards; then to college, where we always stood side by side. But last year I knew that I valued your favor more than aught else, and I have striven hard to win it. I have told your father and mother what I have written to my own, and they have bid me speak to you. I ask that you will come with me to Virginia next year, where I will make for you such a home as only one who loves can give.

I love you so truly that I measure all by mine and ask for no less a boon than yours in return.

"'Tis much I ask, for you will leave parents, brothers, sisters, and the old home life; but even this *I* could do for you."

Ah! Samuel, truly thou wert born a diplomatist, or rather thou hast learned the true art of love, which is, methinks, to speak from the heart to the heart. And now thy cause is fully won, and Dolly, with a smile on her lip and a tear in her eye says very earnestly and simply:

"I will go with you."

All went gayly as a marriage-bell, until on the first day of New Year Cyrus came from London to be best man, the chum taking second place, and saying, poor fellow:

"I will act as your 'second best,' Griffin; albeit 'tis very like attending one's own funeral, for I lose at one blow my best friend and my first hope of happiness; but what chance had I, a poor, idle, British gentleman, when you came and put in your claim as a learned Prince from a far-off land? Romance *versus* fact always wins, especially when it has such a fact to support it as you are. So I will help you off with your prize and then come back and drink your health, all night maybe."

If Prince had esteemed his master worthy of all honor before, on this great day he excelled himself. No man but he could prepare that master's wedding toilet or hand him to his coach, and Raleigh

was of secondary importance. A great throng of people assembled in the church to see the Vicar's fair young daughter, the pride of the parish, married; the beautiful Lady Bunberry, her god-mother, was present, and LL. D.'s, and learned professors, and University men; Charles Stuart and Mr. Horace Walpole came from London, and Dr. Burney sent as a gift a beautiful wedding-march composed by himself. Yet among all the best people Prince was in no wise abashed, but held his future mistress's white satin petticoat with careful fingers, until the organ pealed forth, the aisle was reached, and the bridal party marched its length to the altar, where under the light that shone from the window representing the marriage of Cana in Galilee, the Vicar pronounced "Samuel and Dorothy man and wife." Then back to the Vicarage, through the boughs of holly and mistle-toe, and the wedding breakfast follows; the bride dons a simple traveling-suit of dark rich stuff, with a knot of red ribbons at her throat; the grand wedding-dress (Lady Bunberry's gift) is carefully packed away. Prince has folded the groom's rich crimson suit and looks very disapprovingly at the simple black velvet which his master now wears. All is in readiness, for the Lady Bunberry's carriage arrives, and the little sister has the slipper. Prince is greatly impressed by the Lady's grand equipage, and Dolly has said farewell to all save the Vicar and her mother. The mother's heart is

very sad, yet she keeps up bravely for the sake of others. The Vicar folds his daughter once more to his heart, then takes her arm within his own and leads her to the coach, whispering a blessing over the young pair as the door is shut. And the carriage moves off through the line of young and old, rich and poor, who send wishes of "long life and happiness" to the newly-wedded couple. Amen.

Raleigh's pride, which had been sorely cut ever since Prince's conspicuous position at Samuel's marriage, was gratified when his master ordered him, one blustering afternoon in February, to brush the fine suit and curl the grand wig which had figured on that important occasion. And when he knew *why* they were to be worn he was as proud as had he been My Lord High Chamberlain in attendance on his Majesty. His master was to be presented at Court! Mr. Walpole and Cyrus reached the Palace in due time, and after their names had been handed from lacquey to lordling, and from a little Lord to a greater, they at length found themselves in the presence of his most gracious "Majesty of Great Britain, Ireland and France, King." A very small man to bear such weighty titles as he passed from one to another, saying a few words of greeting to each, for all unlike a modern drawing-room was the simple court regime "one hundred years since."

"Ah! my loyal Walpole! so you have brought with you Mr. Griffin, from Virginia? I trust you

are not yet prepared to turn against our realm, sir?"

To which Cyrus with a low obeisance replied gravely:

"I fear much trouble is in store for all parties concerned. I love England truly; still, Virginia is my birth-place and I never could be forgetful of the fact."

"Bold words, young sir; yet I had, methinks, rather hear them sometimes than to listen *always* to the fine speeches of courtiers."

"His brother has proven double traitor, my Sovereign," said Walpole; "not only going back to Virginia himself, but carrying with him as his bride a loyal English girl."

"Yes," said his Majesty, who had now recovered from any annoyance Cyrus' words may have caused; "we have heard of this marriage at Oxford, and of Mistress Braxton's beauty, of which she gave promise when a wee thing. The Lady Bunberry was dear to me then, and had I not been a King, perhaps I might now have been your brother's cousin, Mr. Griffin," he added with a queer little laugh. "But being a King, 'twas forbidden fruit, and my good Queen has had my whole heart since." So saying, he passed on, and Cyrus and Mr. Walpole retired.

"You may thank me for getting you out of the dilemma that your hot Southern blood was fast leading you into," said Mr. Walpole as they drove

away. "The King's love for Lady Sarah Lenox was well known, and no woman whom he loved would he ever ask to be less than his Queen; so he had to resign her, and Sir Charles Bunberry married her soon after she had acted as bridesmaid to the royal couple. The King I knew would be pleased by an allusion which would recall the olden times, and you see how quickly his manner changed, and he made you the most favored guest by talking to you the long space of two minutes."

"I was right rarely favored, thanks, Mr. Walpole, to you; but now that my mission is fulfilled for which you have sent for me several times, I am going back to the Temple, where Traquair will blame me for being presented as much as *you* did until I was willing to be. Save me from my friends, say I."

"Had you known my father," replied Walpole, "you would understand that my loyalty to George III is as hereditary as Charles Stuart's love for his foreign kinsman's cause."

* * * * *

A break occurs here in the Chronicles, and all that we can gather is that Cyrus had not concealed his love for the Lady Christine from her aunt, and that the dear old lady was the warm advocate of the young people. The broken thread is taken up a little later on.

CHAPTER IX

IN WHICH WE RETURN TO VIRGINIA AFTER THREE YEARS' ABSENCE.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy
To greet my friends once more."

And how had the time passed with Samuel and Dolly? At the end of three weeks old Point Comfort and its rude fort were in sight, and early on the afternoon of the next day our travelers were off Jamestown. Much Dolly wondered at the great breadth of the river, so different from her own dear Thames; and how large the plantations seemed in comparison with the beautiful little fields of green she was accustomed to; yet the new scenes had a great charm by reason of the contrast. Further speculation was ended by the arrival at the wharf and the sight of the family into which she had entered, who had gathered to bid her welcome to her new home. The young wife clung to her husband's arm as if she would gladly go back, without landing, and hold more communion with the winds and waves, which give greater rest than all else save the everlasting hills; yet the first dread meeting over, at the sight of the happy faces around her hers resumed its wonted brightness, and richly did she enjoy the drive of seven miles to Williamsburg, through the well-wooded coun-

try. There was naught like it in England. The smooth, white sandy road, bordered by the fringe tree, around which the fragrant wild jessamine twined its graceful leaves and rich yellow bells; and through it all came the mocking-bird's song as it flew from bush to tree. Then they entered the town near the College, and Dolly remembered many of the boyish freaks Samuel had told her of which were committed within its precincts sacred to learning. All was new and so strange! but now with a cry of joy she saw the church—so like the home churches, the same cruciform, the ivy-mantled tower, the quiet church-yard, on whose tombstones many knightly escutcheons were carved; and this one bit of genuine English landscape lent a home likeness to everything, and she felt that her father and mother and the old life were linked closely with the new. When the house was reached the colored servants were very different from those at home; yet Mammy Tina's greeting, "Come in, honey: dis is yo' room, an' here is Betsy ter take yo' t'ings," reminded her of the old nurse who had petted and spoiled her always; and when Samuel came in, and looking radiantly happy asked Mammy Tina "if she had room in her heart for another child," the old woman said:

"Bress de Lord dat bring yo' home an' gib' yo' dis sweet young lady ter be yo' wife!"

To which Samuel uttered such a fervent Amen that Dolly was fain to laugh at his foolish fondness.

So the little English girl found and filled her place in her Virginia home; and went to balls at the Governor's, and to hear Mr. Henry in the Burgesses, and to many entertainments at the residences of the country gentry. Surely there was no more pleasant life *anywhere* than that which our forefathers led.

The cultured manners of the Stuart courtiers still lingered around their descendants. Oxford, Cambridge, the Temple had been the training schools of many, while the slave population gave A semi-feudal position which had almost disappeared in England. At Westover Mr. Byrd followed his literary pursuits, at Shirley and Brandon the Carters and Harrisons dispensed refined hospitality, while at Broadneck and Rosewell the Pages kept up the style of living to which Sir John had been accustomed in the baronial hall in England. The honeymoon being fairly over, Samuel went to his own estate of "Hazeldean," adjoining Corbin's home of "Rippon Hall."

In June, '75, the Boston Port-Bill, framed by the mad ministry of a madder King, was put into effect, and Virginia, loath to leave the Mother Country, was compelled to take active steps against the enforcement of laws which for eight years past she with her sister-colonies had striven in vain to have repealed. Long and earnestly her great sons strove to avert the unfilial struggle, but the great Mother's love having waned, nothing was left for

each child but to cut asunder the ties which bound her to the old homestead and to establish a new one for herself.

Wild talk of war's alarms reached the peaceful homes. Dolly, so loyal to King and to husband, grew somewhat wan, and the Virginians did what they could to cheer her. For as yet the worst had not come, and a few sanguine spirits hoped on. Dunmore held his court at Williamsburg and the outward appearance of things was not materially affected. Prince made a very brave dining-room servant at Hazeldean, and Betsy, being well-disciplined by Mammy Tina, was a deft little handmaid. "Uncle" Paul was well satisfied to drive the little lady hither and thither at her own sweet will, while the two cooks would strive to please the young mistress, and Samuel thought her a model housewife, and wrote letters to London and Oxford loud in her praises.

When Cyrus received Samuel's letters it made the hard lot he had to bear seem still harder, yet he honestly rejoiced in his brother's happiness and prepared to leave his own hopes behind him and return to Virginia as soon as X-mas was fairly over. So, parting from Traquair, he set out for Oxford to spend this last week but one of his stay in England with the Vicar and his wife.

"So our Dolly is mistress of another 'Hazeldean' now, Mr. Griffin," said the Vicar, "and Samuel writes marvels of her skill at housekeeping, while she gives all the praise to her excellent servants."

Traquair came to London to see him off, and brought with him letters from the Lady Louisa Stuart Campbell and little Louise, bidding him *bon voyage*. The staunch old Lady wrote:

"I have pleaded your cause in vain, with my brother, and I am very much worried about Chrissy and yourself. You are proud and silent and she is proud and loving; so I know not what is to become of me between one obstinate old head, and two foolish young ones; I only know that you are both unhappy and that I am so also."

And the little Louise wrote:

"Dear M. Ciris:

"Chris and I are at aunty's now, and I write to say 'good-bi.' you alwas mak me so happe when you cum, and an ugly old nobleman (not so very ole but oldish) cums to aunty's and I think he wants Chrissy to marry him, but she wont I know, for she tears up his notes and looks awful made abute it. Why don't *you* cum and marry Chrissy, and be my brother like dear ole Charlie: I wish you wud; but I am so tired now I must stop—Good-bye—God bless you,

"Your lovin little frend—

"L. Stuart."

The next morning when Traquair came to Cyrus' lodgings he found a note saying "he would

be back ere very long," and Raleigh in much perplexity said:

"I hope he ain't gone off ter be killt ag'in; but he ordered the coach ter be here at 7 o'clock an' tol' me ter pack a little han'-valise, an' off he went, sah! widout a word mo' ter me 'cept dat I might git everyt'ing ready ter sail on de p'inted day."

Now a page comes in my Chronicles which I would like to embellish if I could, by writing that the old Earl suddenly relented, and that a brilliant wedding in high life took place at the Earl's castle in Peebles; but I must tell the truth or nothing, and this is what really did take place: Cyrus, after reading those two letters, felt that if he owed respect to the Earl because he had been his host, he owed allegiance to the girl whose heart he believed he had won, and who possessed his so entirely. So he made all haste to Edinboro, and to the Lady Louisa, and told her his determination to let Christine decide all for himself and herself; the dear old Lady could not blame him if she would. Now Chrissy, coming in unawares in some sudden, inexplicable way, in a few brief, eloquent words, was made to understand all, and I don't know how it happened, but that very day the priest came, the marriage-articles were all drawn up, and a very quiet wedding took place in Lady Louisa Campbell's drawing-room; and then the young criminals, feeling very sorry,—I have no doubt they

thought they felt so,—went with Lady Louisa to Traquair Castle, and told the old Earl the whole truth. The Lady Louisa pleaded her own unhappy youth, and Cyrus told him that for himself he might have borne all, but he could not let Christine believe he did not love her; his first duty was to *her*; and she said, “My father, do not send me away without a word of forgiveness, for I could not go so far without your blessing.” So in the very beginning of her married life her cry was like unto Esau’s!

And while the old Earl strove to realize it all, and to control the anger that would arise in his heart, the little Louisa went very gently to him, and climbed upon his knee and stroked his beard, saying:

“’Twas *I* that did it all, father. *I* wrote to Mr. Cyrus that Chrissy was miserable when he went away; and that she just *hated* Lord Andrew, and that I wished he would come and marry her himself and be my brother always. I was glad when he came, and now every one is unhappy.”

The Earl gently put aside the childish hands, and kissing the little prattler, said:

“How can I refuse my blessing when the little one pleads so unconsciously for you; you have acted the knight errant right well, sir. Christine, come once more to your old father’s heart ere you leave him.” Lady Louisa wiped some tears away as she said:

"'Tis better for one old heart to suffer a blow to its pride than to have two young hearts suffer in their love; if they have done wrong, Heaven forgive them and me, and send a happy ending to it all."

Let us pray the same, dear reader.

So it came to pass that in Burke's Peerage, under "Traquair," we find the following entries:

"CHARLES, died unmarried.

LADY CHRISTINE, married to CYRUS GRIFFIN.

LOUISA STUART (unmarried).

* * * * *

Mammy Tina prepared the grand guest chamber as fitting for "de King's cousin dat dun married our youngest boy," and said to Cyrus:

"I bery tankful ter see dis day, but dem boys Prince an' Raleigh mos' wears my life out wid de high Lon'on notions. I had ter tek a time ter train Prince, an' now Raleigh bin cum wid he fine clo'es an' lofty airs, an' I hab it all ter go ober wid him."

"Train him well, Mammy," laughed Cyrus, "for he has been my master for three years, and it is high time to change places now. Besides, I am under a new rule you know, and 't isn't fair to a poor fellow to let him be too much under control."

"De new rule is de best t'ing in de worl' fer yo'," said Mammy.

* * * * *

The spring of '76 had brought with it the trouble which had until now been warded off; and the war between Virginia and Great Britain began by the flight of the Governor to the fleet, and the subsequent harassing warfare he carried on along the shores, burning and sacking wherever he could from Richmond to the Chesapeake. Mr. Henry's war cry had resounded from Virginia to Massachusetts on the North, to Carolina on the South; and amid the clatter of musketry and the booming of cannon was heard the silver-mouthed orator's tocsin as it rung out upon the troubled air,

"Give me liberty or give me death!"

Colonel Washington and Dr. Mercer exchanged the red-coat for the blue and buff. Colonel Henry led out his seven hundred men from Fredericksburg, and when the powder magazine was robbed of its contents at Williamsburg, he forced the Royal troops to make "indemnity."

Corbin placed himself under General Mercer's command and Samuel attached himself to Colonel Lewis. Cyrus remained at home, because his father wished him to take his place at once at the bar and as his successor in the House of Burgesses, and thus the other households all being broken up, the old home at Williamsburg became for the nonce a house of refuge for the children and children's children; and there the little Elizabeth Braxton Griffin saw the light on Easter morning, and Cyrus stood as godfather when the little lady

was baptized a few weeks later. At last Lord Dunmore left off his unmanly warfare and retired upon his laurels (?) to England; and at Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Great Bridge the colonial arms met with success, and put to the rout more than once England's picked soldiery; and the waiting, anxious household at Williamsburg were cheered from time to time by good news from the camp, while Cyrus worked with might and main, assisting his father in matters of grave importance in the Capitol, yet feeling meanwhile very like a caged lion.

All the world knows that in 1776 the colonies declared their independence, and while Henry was firing with oratory, shot, and shell against the enemy in America, Lord Chatham was pleading with equal eloquence the cause of the colonies in England; but the Mad King grew madder still, and could not be made to see that he was fighting with no foreign power, such as England usually conquered, but with men of the same Anglo-Saxon race as the Englishmen who fought against them. The fight went on, and little Dolly's cheek grew pale from anxiety about the soldier husband, and longing for the dear home faces; while Christine rejoiced in any discomfiture to the House of Hanover, and stimulated Cyrus' ambition by her own high spirit.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH WE MEET WITH OUR OLD FRIEND "DR. MERCER,"
NOW "GENERAL," AND BID HIM A LAST FAREWELL.

"The bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring"

There was but little show of merry-making in Williamsburg at X-mas, for the army of 1776 was in the cold December weather stationed on the bleak New Jersey heights; and the warm hearts in the more genial climate of lower Virginia were, in spirit, with the brave soldiers.

On Christmas night General Washington completely routed the hireling Hessians in Trenton, and then re-crossed the Delaware on the night of the 26th, having captured one thousand prisoners, six brass field-pieces, one thousand stands of arms, and four standards; thirty-six of the enemy were killed and Washington lost but four men! Corbin sent Tom, his body-servant, to Williamsburg to report his safety, and gave the foregoing facts to his father in a brief note. It will be remembered that in the beginning of these Chronicles Corbin had written from Canada of his interview with an old Indian chief, and had suspected that Dr. Mercer was the English medicine-man referred to. Frequently since his return to Virginia he had met the Doctor, so when Mercer gave up his profession to take active part in the colonial struggle,

and was given the rank of general, Corbin was glad to avail himself of the opportunity presented of joining his staff. One night, shortly after the affair at Trenton, General Mercer and his staff were seated around a bright camp-fire, with pipes of Virginia tobacco and a mild decoction of hot beverage. Deeming the time fitting for such a history, Corbin ventured to ask General Mercer of his wanderings after the retreat from Fort Duquesne. The General took several whiffs of his pipe and then began:

"The day after the final rout I found myself entirely alone, surrounded by forests in a country quite new to me, and inhabited by Indians, some of whom were in the pay of the French while others again were friendly to the English. Almost at the point of starvation, with quite a deep wound in my shoulder, which I dressed as well as was possible, I was forced to eat the flesh of rattlesnakes to sustain life. One evening at dusk I heard low moans and an infant's cry. In my great joy at any human sound after these long, solitary days, I pressed forward, and saw a poor Indian woman, bearing in her arms a young child, and uttering sounds of grief as she gazed at it and pressed its little body more closely in her arms, trying to soothe its cries. I approached her quietly and laid my hand upon her. She turned, and would have fled from me, but I made her understand by sign and gesture that I only wished to help her child; that perhaps

I could find out what ailed it. After watching me somewhat suspiciously, she consented to let me hold the child and examine it. I soon found that the little creature was suffering from a large splinter which was buried in the arm, but not too deeply to be drawn away with an instrument, and giving the child back to its mother, I soon relieved the suffering. So great was her gratitude that she exclaimed: 'Our medicine-man is dead, killed by the wicked English; my baby could not be cured by one of our tribe! The Great Spirit sent you and you have given me back my child!' Now, although the words were unintelligible to me, yet I knew that they expressed gratitude, and I tried to show, by pointing to my mouth, that I was hungry, and by touching my feet that I was weary. At last I made her understand my wants sufficiently, and she motioned me to follow her, leading the way through the forests to an opening where a dozen or more tents were placed, and in the midst a bright fire burning, around which a number of warriors were dancing, uttering savage yells and brandishing tomahawks. Placing her finger on her lips she led me past the outer tents and finally bid me enter one. She placed before me dried venison, rough bread, and a flask of spring water; and pointing to a heap of straw showed me that there I might rest myself and hide if any one came near. She left the tent, and approaching the warriors

called one of them and soon returned to the door with him, saying:

“‘For two nights sleep has fled away from our babe; the medicine-man came no more, and our child must soon follow him; but the Great Spirit heard me. He has sent one to cure her. Now, what will you give in exchange for the life given to you?’

“‘The Red Man gives life for life, even as he takes life for life, you very well know,’ he answered.

“‘Then come in quickly,’ she said, ‘for in the tent a white man is waiting, far away from all friends. Let no Red Man see him, or else they will slay him and we shall be cursed for their bloody deed, for truly he has given sweet sleep to our babe.’

“They entered the tent, and the warrior told me in tolerable English what his squaw had related to him, and that my life was in no danger; but that I must rest quietly, and he himself would see me far on my journey at early dawn. And now I enjoyed the first rest I had had since the day of the battle; and I slept soundly as a child in full health. When I was awakened, I found that the squaw had bound up my feet with healing herbs, and placed clean clothing by my side, which doubtless had been taken from some less fortunate prisoner, but was gratefully worn by me now.

“A breakfast consisting of the same simple food

as that which had been my supper was already placed near me, and as I finished eating, the chief entered and said that it was time we were off if we would reach the white man's dwelling before the sun was behind the mountains. The way lay by narrow paths and through deep ravines, sometimes along the banks of a stream, a plunge in which aided much in restoring my strength. At last we espied a little hamlet of rude huts, and the Indian, pointing out a path by which it could easily be reached, said:

"'There lies the great English chieftain, wounded unto death; go now to your people, and tell them that the Indian can show gratitude no less than revenge. You have saved my child pain; I give you your life in return.' So saying, he left me, and was soon lost to sight in the forest.

"After finding that General Braddock had died early in July, I went on to Fort Cumberland, where I knew our poor remnant of an army was in part gathered, and reached it by noon the next day."

"I heard from the old chief himself the story you have told us, General, and I believed then that he referred to none other than yourself," said Corbin.

Before General Mercer could reply, a sergeant came with orders from Washington to have his command in readiness for marching as quickly as was possible; while he himself was requested to come at once to the General's tent, as he wished to

hold council with the officers commanding the several portions of the army. The situation of affairs was briefly stated, and the question was whether it would be wiser to defend Trenton against Cornwallis' advance, or by making a detour to Princeton, capture the British troops with the arms, ammunition, etc., which were there stored.

It was determined to make the detour and surprise Princeton. All being in readiness, the army commenced its march along the Quaker Road, and passed Cornwallis' rear-guard without having been discovered; yet the road was in such wretched condition that the march was slow and toilsome. A very few men had been left in the camp at Trenton to keep the camp-fires burning, and to make a pretense of digging trenches, so that the enemy would be deceived thereby as to the real whereabouts of the American army. These men had orders to be ready at day-break to join in the march. General Mercer's command formed the van-guard. As they emerged from a thicket, their presence was discovered by Colonel Mawhood, who was marching from Princeton to join Cornwallis at Trenton. Mercer saw at once that a fight must ensue, and he led his men at double quick to the crest of a hill near by, which would give him the advantage in position. Colonel Mawhood, thinking the Americans were in retreat, determined to cut them off, and *he* also made an effort to reach the rising ground; but the Americans gained it and opened a

sharp fire upon the advancing foe, yet on they came. Mercer's horse having been killed, he fought on foot, sword in hand. The English troops were now near enough to use the bayonet, and the Americans, having none, could not resist the onslaught made upon them. Vainly did Mercer strive to rally them. Being felled to the earth by a brutal blow with the butt end of a musket, he sprang to his feet, and with his sword flashing to the right and to the left, refusing all quarter, he fought on, until at last he fell under the many bayonet thrusts which had pierced his body. He lay to all appearances dead, and the exultant enemy went on cheering and pursuing the Americans. Washington heard the firing and sent a Pennsylvania brigade to Mercer's aid. Colonel Mawhood halted and opened with his artillery upon the reinforcements, and succeeded in driving them back.

At this juncture Washington came upon the scene. Impelled by his presence and personal courage, the broken troops at length rallied and an American battery was now turned upon the enemy. One thousand Virginia troops also came into action, and the issue of the day was victory for the Americans. Colonel Mawhood cut his way with great boldness through the colonial army and retreated toward Trenton.

The fifty-fifth British was put to flight by St. Clair and retreated to Brunswick, and the third command of the English were either taken prison-

ers or retreated to Brunswick also. When Mercer had been left on the field as dead, his staff determined to secure his remains as soon as they could do so. They made their way back to the spot upon which he had fallen. When they reached it, they found their loved commander returned to consciousness and suffering great pain from his wounds. Corbin administered restoratives and quieting potions, and soon they removed him to a Mr. Clark's house near by. From the first, Corbin and old and skilful surgeons felt hopeless of a permanent cure; and as the week wore on, dread became almost a certainty; sad and heavy hearts they bore while awaiting the end. This came one week from the day upon which he had fallen, and he breathed his last in the arms of Major Lewis, one of his aids and Washington's nephew.

The latest tidings that fell on his ears of the cause he had espoused with so much devotion was of the victory which had just been won.

His remains were interred in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and were followed to the grave by thirty thousand people.* Corbin carried the sad news to Virginia, and as he held the little orphaned Hugh upon his knee the child said:

"I must not weep for my soldier father. I must try to take care of my mother; and when I am a

*Appleton's Encyclopedia.

man I will be a soldier like my father and die maybe as bravely as he did."

So the tide of war rolled on. At last in '81 the prospects of the American arms became at first a little brighter, and then the clouds lifted one by one, until the glorious light of Liberty broke forth in full blaze at Yorktown.

How fared it with our friends during all this time? It was indeed wonderful how few of our great leaders fell. Washington passed through unscathed by shot or shell, seeming to bear a charmed life; Henry lived to be elected more than once to the Governorship of Virginia, while Lee, Greene, Jefferson, the Griffins, with hosts of others, survived.

Lady Christine, having no love for the House of Hanover, rejoiced in the defeat of its arms; but little Dolly, loyal to everything, to husband, father, Washington, and the King at one and the same time—'twas no wonder that the dear little face bore traces of care and the little figure grew somewhat lighter.

When Washington received Lord Cornwallis' sword in token of surrender, he believed that the hour had come when his own could be laid aside for the "plough-share and the pruning-hook;" and that once more, at Mount Vernon, the handsome matron and lovely maiden, with the adopted son and heir to his estates, would be gathered. Even my Lord Fairfax, he fondly hoped, would be induced to come forth from his retirement at Green-

way Court, whither he had been driven by love for King and country, and join the household at Mount Vernon; but 'twas not to be yet, and for two years longer the Commander-in-Chief was kept away from his home by his official duties. Only once in eight years did he visit Mount Vernon, when for a few hours he stopped there with the Count de Rochambeau on his journey to Yorktown.

"This chapter is a very small space to devote to an eight years' war," yet I think 'twill suffice, for we have all studied in numberless histories of the successful Revolution, and Mr. Irving has written the most charming life of the great man who led our troops to victory and then guided the helm of the new ship of state to the desired haven of rest and peace; so let's be done with war and its gloom and turn to different scenes; but before we do so, I must copy from the Chronicles some pages which tell of an incident in which Mistress Dolly was a prominent figure, and which caused General Washington to say to Colonel Griffin:

"No wonder you have proved so gallant a soldier, my brave young Colonel, when the mistress of your house and heart can face the British outposts and carry out her well-laid schemes without detection. Verily, 'tis our women who inspired us, and to them we owe in no small measure our success; no man is brave enough to risk being court-martialed by the commander-in-chief of the home department."

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH MRS. SAMUEL GRIFFIN PROVES HER LOYALTY AND
WAS TRUE TO HER OWN WOMANLY NATURE.

"Every minute now should be the father of some stratagem."

"Rippon Hall" was situated not far from Yorktown, and adjoining it was "Hazeldean," Colonel Griffin's new home. Rippon Hall had been built many years before the Revolution, of English bricks. The door-way was of heavy oak, and would put to shame by its hospitable proportions the entrances to our modern houses; on either side the walls of the house were rounded, forming semi-circular projections, and on each story these contained small apartments which were reached from the ground floor by a narrow staircase, but had no egress from or ingress to the rest of the house. When Colonel Griffin was stationed at Yorktown, Dolly wished to be near in case of any accident to him, and as Corbin's fine old homestead was safer than her own home, she went there from Williamsburg, leaving the children with their grandmother and Mammy Tina. A short time before the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, some sharp skirmishing had occurred, and Colonel Griffin sent Prince to assure his mistress of her husband's safety.

One night the trusty servants were closing the

heavy doorway with bolt and bar, and only a dim lamp-light was burning in the beautiful drawing-room, wainscoted from floor to ceiling with oak; the wood fire built to keep out the chill October air was throwing out a few fitful gleams on the richly-carved mantel, and Dolly had just laid aside a fancy pinafore she had been working for her little daughter, when Prince came in breathless, and gasped out:

"Oh! Missus, somethin' is wrong sho'; jest on de groun' floor in de little roun' room I heerd groanin's, an' I t'ink I kin hear chains clankin' too. Oh! Missus, les' go to Williamsburg, or ter Marse Sam in de camp; oh! Missus, I'se feared ter stay here."

"Be quiet, Prince, and go to the quarters, where you may rest in peace I think; you certainly cannot fear remaining where your master permits me to stay." But having reassured her servant, she was by no means free from some uneasiness herself, and when Uncle Seth, the dining-room servant, came in a few minutes later with his lantern from his nightly inspection, she said:

"Uncle Seth, I distinctly hear sounds of painful breathing coming from the small room in the ground-floor of the east projection; so please bring your lantern and come with me."

The old servant respectfully acquiesced, and soon they reached a trap door, which was kept fast closed usually. They found it very easy to move,

and a flight of stairs leading from it to the room above was gained. The breathing was unmistakable now, and even Dolly's heart grew a little chill as she listened; but she knew that whoever or whatever gave utterance to these moans was suffering, and this knowledge was enough to impel her onward. So gathering all of her strength and making a brave effort to conceal her real terror from the servant, she reached the top of the stair. In a corner lay, half-unconscious, a youth about twenty years of age, wearing the British uniform. The fair, boyish face showed ghastly pale by the lantern's light, and as he awoke from a troubled, painful sleep he turned a startled, piteous glance upon Dolly and cried out:

"Who are you? The last thing I remember, I saw my mare Nellie fall,—and then blood stained my white sword-belt,—and I crawled to the side of a large house,—and dragged myself into a trap-door and shut it lightly, for I was very weak; then I groped up some stairs and found a small room, and being all alone, I thought of my mother and sister and of *one* other, until darkness fell upon me; but now I am awake, and I think you must be an angel, for you look so white and fair and gentle. Oh! how this wound pains me; 'tis like a red-hot iron. Can you cool it for me? Must I go on suffering so?"

All this was jerked out in short sentences, and ere he had concluded, Dolly had quite formed her

plans for his immediate relief. While gently smoothing his brow, she dispatched Uncle Seth to the house for a cot and coverings, linen bandages, brandy, and cool water. She loosed the sword belt, red with blood on the left side; then, opening the coat, a small wound was laid bare, the flow of blood from which had been slightly staunched by the heavy cloth of the uniform, but it burst forth now with force. Uncle Seth's practical surgery on the plantation was of good service here, and after Dolly had washed the wound free from any bits of clothing which had been driven in by the ball, he bandaged it with skill enough to give relief, then Dolly administered a sleeping potion, and the poor youth was soon breathing more easily and fell into a quiet slumber. Dolly now had time to collect her thoughts and determine what was next to be done. She conjectured rightly that the young courier must have been wounded in yesterday's skirmish and that his horse had probably been wounded also and only had strength enough to bear him a few miles; not knowing the country thoroughly, he had doubtless lost his way, and when his horse could no longer bear him, found refuge within the trap-door, as he feared being taken prisoner. The knocking of his sword upon the stairs was the "clanking of the chains" which had so alarmed Prince. To send him at once to his master was her first thought, but it would not do for him to know that a British officer was find-

ing refuge in this house. At this critical moment in colonial affairs it might compromise him seriously, and she must be enabled to say with truth that he was entirely ignorant of it; yet, if no surgeon came to extract the ball, no hope of the soldier's life could be entertained. A surgeon *must* be obtained from the British army, but how? Hour after hour she sat scheming and plotting, while Uncle Seth and the patient slept on. At last the light grew brighter in the east, and waking Uncle Seth she told him where all things needful were to be found, and that he must take charge of the patient until she returned; then going to the house she prepared such diet as was best suited to an invalid, and while a serving-maid was sent to bid Prince saddle her horse and his own, she hurried to the outer room with the nourishment she had prepared.

"Now, Uncle Seth," she said, "Colonel Griffin may be in great danger if we are not very cautious. The family has always trusted you, I believe now you will prove faithful to that trust. Do not let any one come into the trap-door until you hear my voice, and when the young gentleman wakes give him some nourishment, and if he suffers, another sleeping draught. I will take Prince with me, and you are to reply to any questions that may be asked by the servants, that I have gone to the camp."

Dolly then partook of a light breakfast and set

out on her errand of mercy. Fortunately, Prince was well known as Colonel Griffin's body-servant, still it was no light task which she had undertaken, and she offered fervent prayers for safety to herself and all whom "this early morning ride" concerned.

When the American camp was reached, the usual challenge was given, and answered by Prince, who added, "This is Colonel Griffin's lady, sah!" With a salute the sentinel permitted them to pass on, thinking it was quite natural that an officer's wife should visit her husband, accompanied by his body-servant. Very longingly her eyes were fixed upon her husband's tent, marked by the flag which she had herself wrought for his regiment. Presently, after an hour perhaps had elapsed, Prince said:

"Yonder is de British out-posts, Missus. I ain't never bin so near 'em befo'."

He was sorely perplexed at his mistress's conduct in passing the camp without going to his master's tent, but he knew his place too well to venture upon any criticism. Suddenly all of his wondering was put to flight by a command to "halt and give the countersign!"

"I am the wife of an officer in the American army. I do not know the British countersign," Dolly replied.

Something in her manner forbade all rudeness, and the soldier said politely:

"I must needs arrest you, lady, and carry you before my captain."

"If this be your duty, perform it speedily, good fellow, for I am on urgent business which cannot brook delay."

In maturing her plans, Dolly had anticipated this arrest as the only means of obtaining access to a surgeon; so, in no wise dismayed, but very weary from the night watch and the long ride, she dismounted and followed the sentinel to the house* which Lord Cornwallis made use of for his headquarters. At the entrance they were placed in charge of another guard, who ushered them into a small room, saying:

"You will await the captain here, my lady; he is at breakfast now."

How long the minutes seemed, every one of which made the hope of saving the courier's life less strong. Unless the wound was soon probed and the bullet extracted, inflammation would set in and could not easily be allayed. The suspense was sickening, and her mental suffering increased, because in this very room many happy hours had been spent when in her early married life the gentry had entertained the young Squire of "Hazeldean" and his winning English wife.

The contrast between past and present became almost too great to be borne; but a human life was in the scale, to be weighed against all of these sad

*The Nelson House.

reflections, and this thought gave her supernatural strength. At length the door opened and Captain Dashwood entered.

"Ah! what have we here?" he said. "Two prisoners—one fair lady and a smart negro servant? Verily, a combination of ivory and ebony."

When he saw *how* white the face was he stopped his jesting, and added courteously:

"Now, Madame, I must ask you certain questions, and if you can explain satisfactorily having been found so near our camp, after your manservant here has been searched, you will be released."

"My mission is an urgent one, and before I can answer any questions will you please let me have some converse with a surgeon?"

"Right speedily, Madame, shall your wish be granted. Medical attendance is never denied a prisoner." And the order was at once given for Surgeon Woodhull's immediate presence, and also that a cup of wine should be handed the prisoner. When the surgeon came he pronounced the lady to be in need of rest and ordered coffee as well as wine to be brought, but Dolly said hurriedly, in an undertone:

"I can tell you neither my name nor where my home is. To reach it we must pass the camp where my husband and the American army are. It will suffice that you know that *in* my home a British officer is sorely wounded, and in proof of what I

say I have brought his sword-belt, marked with the number of his regiment, and also with his blood. See the hole which the ball has made. I could not obtain help from an American surgeon without causing suspicion to rest on him perhaps, or giving up the poor young fellow as a prisoner. I will insure your safe return, and we must go at once, for he must have been wounded forty-eight hours ago. I have trusted myself within your lines, surely you will not be less willing to risk something for the sake of one of your own men. Nay, if you will go with Prince I will remain here as hostage, sorely as it may try me. The servant whom I have left in charge will admit you to the soldier if you will simply call out my name as you knock at the trap-door you will see on the east of the house."

"Nay, Madame, I doubt naught that you have told me, and I will obtain a pass to visit a wounded soldier outside the camp." So saying, he addressed a few words to the commanding officer and left the room. In the course of half an hour he returned with the needful passes, and Dolly and himself, followed by Prince, made their way to the spot where the horses had been left. Prince had been thoroughly searched in another apartment, and having heard much while in London about the British lion, he made sure he would hear its roar in their camp, and perhaps see the grand beast with ponderous jaws and sharp teeth ready to de-

your all who were opposed to the "Britishers." He believed his mistress was bewitched, and that evil spirits of some description had possessed Rippon Hall ever since the previous night, and had driven his mistress to the enemy's camp to be devoured bodily. In this state of mind he went before his examiners. Of course no papers were found upon him, so the next step in the proceedings was to examine him by questions. Prince, however, gained confidence each moment as he saw around him "only sojers dressed up in red instead of blue," in lieu of the wild beast he had dreaded, and when the first question was asked:

"From whence did your mistress come?"

He replied, "From home, sah."

"Where is her home?"

"Near the ribber, sah."

"Why has she left home?"

"Ter come ter de camp."

"What does she wish in the camp?"

"Dats mo' dan I kin tell, sah, 'cause I dunno myse'f."

"But you must have thought *something*."

"Yes, sah; I bin t'ink she wished ter see Marse Sam."

"Who is Marse Sam, and where is he?"

"He is my massa, sah, an' he ain't very far off frum here, but I don't jes' know w'ere 'xac'ly." And so from first to last they could get no answer

from him that could in any way give them information.

During the ride back, Dolly told the surgeon all that she had divined of the soldier's wound, etc., and received cordial thanks from him for her mission which she had accomplished "with such marvelous discretion."

They arrived at Rippon Hall about sunset and the surgeon went at once to the bedside of the youth; and Dolly sent Prince to Williamsburg with a few lines to Mrs. Griffin, Sr., saying:

"Please come to me, mother. I am safe and tolerably well, but I need you. Come to-morrow. Kiss the bairns for me. I am with respect,

"Your loving daughter,

"D. LENOX GRIFFIN "

Uncle Seth came to her with a message from the surgeon to say that she must rest at once or she would be utterly incapable of the help he would need from her next day. To-night, with Uncle Seth's aid, he could do all that was necessary for the comfort and well-being of the courier. So, very thankful that her mission was accomplished, the weary little body offered up a fervent prayer and fell into a deep sleep, from which Betsey would not awake her until a late hour next morning. Uncle Seth served breakfast as usual, and reported that the ball had been extracted and the patient was suffering less. Mrs. Griffin, Sr., had made an

early start, and by 12 o'clock she reached Rippon Hall. Dolly told her the story of the last forty-eight hours, and the old lady said:

"If you had acted otherwise, my daughter, I would not love you as I do."

And Dolly, with an inward satisfaction that she "had done what she could," went to her patient's place of refuge, and was greeted with a faint smile as he said:

"So you are really a living personage? When you did not come back, I thought you must have been a vision which I had seen in my dreams."

And then Dolly told him that she had been away so long because she had to find a surgeon to attend his wound; and he turned to the doctor and said:

"Yes, he has been so good to me, and I am not in so much pain; but I am very, very glad you have come back too; I was so afraid I would not have any more such pleasant dreams."

And he fell asleep under the influence of the gentle woman's touch upon his feverish pulse and brow.

Then Dolly left him and sent Prince to the camp to tell Colonel Griffin that she was well and that she had sent for his mother to bear her company. The man-servant brought back a brief note.

"I am so glad Mamma is with you; you are in the safest place in the country now, for trusted and

tried troops are around you; nevertheless, I wish I could be more at Rippon Hall, for until Mamma came you were so lonely. We think the enemy will not hold out much longer; until then, be brave, my little wife, for you are really under the protection of Your husband,

“SAMUEL LLEWELLYN GRIFFIN.”

And with her daily bulletins from the camp to brighten the sad days, the “little wife” and her husband’s mother nursed with devoted care the wounded boy, and busied themselves with making lint and bandages, for other dear ones might need them yet, although the end was so near. But in spite of nursing and the surgeon’s skill, the invalid did not gain strength, but daily grew more wan, and yet his cheerful manner and sunny smile made them all hope each day that on the morrow he would commence mending and then his restoration would be rapid; and in this hope they went on working and praying with loving hearts and hands, while the short autumn days grew shorter and shorter.

CHAPTER XII

DOLLY LISTENS TO A TOUCHING STORY, AND HAS HER PRAYER
GRANTED, AS SHE WILL "KNOW HEREAFTER."

"'Tis sown in weakness, it is raised in Power,
Softly the promise floated on the air;
And the calm stillness of the sunset hour
Came back responsive to the mourner's prayer."

At last one morning the surgeon looked very grave and said:

"I have done all that was possible, Madame, but nothing allays the blood poisoning produced by the length of time the ball remained in the wound. I will not give up yet, though, for I feel deeply interested in the lad."

Two days after the doctor had first expressed his serious fears, Dolly was sitting alone in the sick-chamber and picturing to herself the distant home in England where loving ones would await in vain the coming of the soldier-boy who had gone forth with dreams of honor and fame. She thought how it would be in Oxford, were one of her own brothers thus to die in a foreign land, and all unconsciously the tears gathered and one or two bright drops fell unheeded by her. Suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the touch of the soldier's hand upon her own, and his eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of deep earnestness. Presently he said with a clear and distinct voice, yet very feebly:

"You have been crying, lady, and I think it is for me; and that the surgeon has told you that I am slowly dying. I feel it is true, but I do not suffer, I am only so tired. I wish to thank you now for all of your goodness to me, and I have something which I wish you to send to my home. Please lift up my head and take the case you will find there. I have kept it hidden, for I will not tell any one but you, lady, all that it is to me. Will you open it?"

Dolly did so, and found a miniature of a bright, rosy English girl, with beaming eyes, and hair which seemed to have caught a sunbeam in its threads. On the reverse side was engraved,

Given by Lilly May Darcy
to
Ralph Howard Townshend,
July 6th, 1780.
"Mizpah."

In the midst of awful moments, how some trifling incident in some widely different scene comes up before us. So now Dolly recalled the Assembly at Tunbridge; and the soldier was doubtless Mrs. Howard's young brother, and the girl perhaps a sister to Lady Lucy. After gazing silently at the picture for some time she said:

"It is a lovely face."

"Yes, lady, but not lovelier than she is. I will tell you all now before I grow too weak. We loved each other always, but were too young to be called lovers, until last year, when I was nineteen

and Lily seventeen; then our parents gave consent to an engagement. I had just entered the army, and when I was ordered off I could not say nay, for I felt that it would be dishonorable, and Lilly loved me too truly not to enter into my feelings. So I came, and have escaped unhurt until last week; since then I have known that this laughing face would be tearstained. Will you tell her that I loved her more than ever, while I was lying here with naught to do but think. Tell my mother that I tried to do always what she wished. How she blessed our love! I did not neglect my Bible and Prayer-book; and oh! tell her that I have kept my faith and honor bright." As he said this a glorious smile lit up his face, but only for a moment, then he said:

"One word more to my sister—for she suffered much and waited long to marry Mr. Howard; and she felt for us. Tell her I have blessed her often for her loving sympathy. And now I am so tired I will sleep sweetly."

He was much exhausted by the effort made to make his last wishes known to her; but the surgeon said:

"'Twas better so, as the last few hours would be more tranquil if his mind were at rest." And the day dragged its slow length along, and wore into afternoon and the afternoon into night, and all was quiet save occasional murmurs from the sleeping boy.

"We have had brave times together, Nellie. What, little one, are you giving out? A little longer, Nellie, and we will be safe!—quite safe!—once more on! oh! Nellie, you are bleeding, you are falling." And with a cry of pain he awoke to find Dolly bending over him. Just at sunrise he said:

"Give me one kiss, lady;" and as she pressed her lips upon the thin, worn face, he asked "for the lady who prayed with him."

Mrs. Griffin came and read the commendatory prayer, and at its close the only firm "Amen" was that from the brave young spirit so near the end of its earthly career. A few minutes more passed and they caught whisper of—

"These loving friends—Surgeon—Sister—Mother—Lilly—my Saviour;" then as they had asked life for him, "Heaven gave him a long life even forever and ever."

Uncle Seth prepared a grave just where Nellie had fallen, under two wide-spreading oaks, a hundred yards from the entrance to the house. There in the twilight they laid the young stranger to rest, and Dolly, with pure sweet voice, and Mrs. Griffin, read the sublime ritual of the church, while Surgeon Woodhull and Uncle Seth with reverent hands filled in the narrow grave where so much of tender love and aspiration was forever buried. Did I say truly forever? Nay, 'tis but a form of speech, for nothing noble, tender, or true is ever lost, though it may seem to die; but in the lives of

those whom it has blessed here it lives still, and multiplies itself, and in its "widening circles"

"Never stops, until they reach the Everlasting Throne."

Soon after these events the surrender at Yorktown took place, and Dolly established herself at Hazeldean to await Colonel Griffin's arrival in the home which had been closed for nearly seven years; and Uncle Seth, with an efficient corps of aids, made Rippon Hall in readiness for the return of his master and mistress with their boy, the little Thomas, now a manly lad of eight years. And when they were gathered all in the large drawing-room at Rippon, Dolly told them as much of her story as would be of interest, while certain portions she retained as being too sacred to be repeated save to her own gallant Colonel.

Corbin explained the mystery of the trap-door being found opened. Just before Rippon Hall was vacated by them he had tried the lock to see that all was right about it, in order to store away there, if necessary, such valuables as were still left in the house; finding the key did not turn readily, he left it open, intending to have the obstruction removed the following morning, but he had been called away immediately afterwards, and matters of such grave import followed that all comparatively unimportant affairs were lost sight of and he had forgotten the trap-door entirely.

When Dolly told Colonel Griffin her whole story

in a simple, touching manner, man and soldier though he was, he could not listen without emotion, and when she had concluded he said:

"Ah! my little wife, you acted wisely and rightly; and as soon as these estates can be put in proper order and things in the country are more settled, we will sail for England and you will have the opportunity then to fulfill the wishes of the young courier, and we will carry the sword which he had borne untarnished, and which Uncle Seth has wound around with a long lock from Nellie's mane. 'Twas a thoughtful act on his part, and shows no little delicacy of feeling. I think Corbin would like to make him free at once, because he behaved so well throughout the whole of this long, wearisome struggle."

And now while Corbin Griffin and Colonel Samuel were restored to home and fireside, it became necessary for Judge Cyrus to remove with his wife and children to Philadelphia, for he had been elected to Congress. He had worked hard and faithfully at the bar, and on the bench since "Yorktown," and he had led the home-guard out to the defense of the "Peninsula," and done good service.

"For in faith the blue coat suits me better than the black gown," he always maintained; and now his work went on, while the soldier could rest on his hardly-earned laurels. The move was a most beneficial one for Lady Christine, whose health

had been somewhat impaired by the change from her "native heath" to the low, malarious district of Tide-water Virginia. The services of her church could there be fully enjoyed, so life in the aristocratic circles of the "Quaker City" was by no means distasteful to her ladyship. Twice every year her father-confessor had come from Philadelphia to celebrate the mass, and Judge Griffin always received him courteously, saying, however, to his wife:

"I think his reverence must have more knowledge of your faults than I have ever gained, lady mine. Were I your confessor methinks the sins would be very quickly numbered."

But the children were, by mutual agreement, baptized and reared in the doctrines and by the liturgy of the Church of England, which was the more easily accomplished in Williamsburg, where neither Roman-Catholicism on the one hand nor Presbyterianism on the other had gained any foothold. So John Stuart and Samuel Stuart, with the little Mary and Louise, went every Sunday to the church with their father, and the mother thought with kindness of the faith which her husband and children held.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD WORLD ONCE MORE, WHERE WE MEET WITH WARM
WELCOMES FROM THE FRIENDS OF "LONG AGO."

"So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth."

Several years elapsed before Colonel Griffin could get his estate and Corbin's into such order that they could be carried on without interruption during his absence; but at last, in '84, Hazelden was closed, and he sailed from Yorktown with Dolly and the two children for London. Only a very brief time was spent in the metropolis, for Oxford was the point upon which all longing was centered in Dolly's heart, and 'tis best to draw the veil of silence over such a meeting as took place between the long-severed parents and child. Time had dealt very lightly with the Reverend Doctor and his wife. In the bracing English climate people do not grow old quickly, and the only severe trial they had ever had was the war, which had cut them off from Dolly; and now all was happiness at the Vicarage, and only on one point was there dissension. The little Elizabeth, fairer by far than her mother had ever been, ruled her grandfather with despotic sway, and Master Braxton only had to go to grandmamma to have his pockets filled with buns for himself and companions; so the little mother was forced to interpose sometimes,

and order Miss Elizabeth down from her grandfather's shoulder after a half hour of patient endurance, and to protest that Master Braxton should *not* consume a three days' stock of buns in one morning. However, if Elizabeth's little feet lagged wearily on the homeward way after service, up she was carried like a little princess on a throne, although the Vicar may have had several services during the day; and if Braxton came, in all the pride of his eight years, and was "awful hungry," down went grandmamma's work and the fatigued young gentleman's hunger was amply provided for. Dolly's scruples were very much exercised as to the future of two such spoiled children, but Colonel Griffin said:

"Never mind, little wife, no harm can come to any one in the atmosphere of Hazeldean Vicarage, I think. If Elizabeth be no worse than the two generations of this family I have known, and if that little rogue Braxton does no more harm than to eat his grandmother's buns, thereby giving *her* more pleasure than *he* receives,—we may be well content. Contact with other boys will knock much of the selfishness out of him; and if he lives, man will do the rest."

Notwithstanding which, 'twas with many misgivings that Mrs. Griffin left them at Oxford when she went for a short visit to London to Mrs. Townshend and Mr. and Mrs. Howard. Lilly Darcy lived now almost constantly with Ralph's mother,

and there Dolly met her, and agreed with the lover's verdict, that "the picture was not so winning as she was." Dolly stayed long enough with them to tell them over and over again of the boy's last days. Lilly with her buried love was happier in her sorrow maybe than was the Lady Ashton with the daily burden of an ill-assorted marriage to bear.

In 1785 the Congress was removed to New York, and we learn from the Chronicles that in '87 it was organized by the election of Cyrus Griffin, of Virginia, as "President;" and we have some pleasing extracts of letters written, descriptive of people and customs in New York during these years. On every Tuesday a state dinner was given by the President. About twenty guests usually sat down to table, and Raleigh made a very brave head-waiter.

The winter of '87 and '88 was the gayest that New York had seen since the first clouds of war had appeared. The great minds that had framed the Constitution were many of them now in New York, in different official capacities, or wielding high social and intellectual influence. The list is too long to be cited here. Mirabeau spoke of them as "a company of demi-gods," and the great William Pitt exclaimed:

"I must declare that in all my reading and observation,—and it has been my favorite study; I have read Thucydides, and meditated the rise of the

master states of the world,—for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no body of men can stand before the National Congress of Philadelphia.” Many of these same minds had governed the convention which had adjourned in September, 1786.

Perhaps no one who was entertained in the President’s home gave the host and hostess more pleasure than did a young French gentleman, Brissot de Warville. Intelligent, handsome, enthusiastic, discreet, and an ardent lover of liberty, he inclined most favorably to America, and had come with letters of introduction from the Marquis de La-Fayette, which served as an “open sesame” to any home in this country.

Years after, in Paris, his sister showed “the Presidentess” a letter which he had written describing one of the “Tuesday” dinners of which we have made mention.”*

“Mr. Griffin is a Virginian of very good abilities, of an agreeable figure, affable and polite. I saw at his house, at dinner, seven or eight women, all dressed in great hats, plumes, etc. It was with pain that I marked much of pretension in some of these women. One acted the giddy, vivacious; another the woman of sentiment. This last had many pruderies and grimaces. Two among them had their bosoms very naked. I was scandalized

*These are exact copies of the original letters.

at this indecency among republicans. A President of Congress is far from being surrounded with the splendor of Eastern monarchs; and so much the better. He is not durable in his station, and so much the better. He does not give pompous dinners; he never forgets that he is a simple citizen, and will soon return to the station of one; and so much the better. He has fewer parasites and less means of corruption. I remarked that his table was free from many usages observed elsewhere; no fatiguing presentations, no toasts, so annoying in a numerous society. Little wine was drunk after the women had retired. These traits will give you an idea of the temperance of this country—temperance, the leading virtue of republicans.”

Another letter of the times says:

“The President is said to be a worthy man; his wife is a Scotch woman with the title of Lady Christiana Griffin. She is out of health, but appears to be a friendly-disposed woman; we are engaged to dine there next Tuesday.”

For the sake of truth we must give both sides of the picture, and add one more extract which gives evidence that the writer was differently impressed. Though of course there *were* men such as she describes, in prominent positions, the result proved them to be largely in the minority, and there was no cause to fear “for the country.”

“We have dined to-day at President Griffin’s, with a company of twenty-two, including many

members of Congress, etc. Had you been present you would have trembled for your country, to have seen, heard, and observed the men who are its rulers. Very different they were, I believe, in times past. All were now high upon the question before them; some were for it, some against it; and there were very few whose behavior bore many marks of wisdom."

Among these few we believe the President was numbered. We must regard this letter, too, with due allowance for the fact that the lady who wrote it was warmly attached to the Federalist party, while Democratic sentiments were now beginning to be uttered.

On one occasion M. Brissot de Warville sat on the right of the Presidentess; and with French suavity was pleased to compliment a dish peculiar to Virginia, and inquired if Madame, the Presidentess, had learned its secret within the walls of St. Omers?"

"For, although I have not tasted it before, still it has a flavor of a French cuisine."

"No, Monsieur, our own Virginia servants came with us to New York, and truly their skill astonished me when *I* first came to the colony. Aunt Courtenay is an African princess, and her manner is really superior to those of most of her race; she married our other cook, Uncle Paul, and a little girl, near the age of my eldest daughter, was born on the night of Lord Cornwallis' surrender. The

little mistress and maid are warmly attached to each other. Not long ago it was deemed expedient by Courtenay mere to punish the little negress, but her loud sobs reached Mary's ear; she sprang from the nursery and darted to the kitchen, where she placed her arms around little Courtenay and said:

"'Don't touch her again. She belongs to me, and my father will not allow his slaves to be unjustly whipped; neither will I.'"

"Courtenay laid aside the whip, and taking the little figure—whose flashing eyes and flaming cheeks made her a very pretty wee picture—gently in her arms, said:

"'Come, little missy, and let me take you to your mother.'"

"So she brought her to me and gave me an account of the whole scene; and Mary became somewhat pacified by the promise that her little maid should wait upon her as soon as she was made tidy."

Thus M. Brissot de Warville learned something of "high life below stairs" and discovered that the relation between master and slave was not generally such as in his ardent love for humanity he had imagined it to be. While this homely conversation was in progress at *one* end of the table, the momentous questions at issue occupied the graver thoughts and converse of others, and the President said:

"It needs no prophet's eye to see into the future. We have but to look back, and we find that as nations became wealthy, more and more of luxury was demanded; and although we in the colonies are now content with simple elegance, 'twill be less satisfactory each year, and our children and grandchildren one hundred years hence will increase their wants as they increase their wealth. As with the individual, so will it be with the nation, and 'pomp and circumstance' will then surround the nation's Chief Executive."

The young Frenchman answered sadly:

"I would my people would listen to moderation, which your words seem to advocate in all things, Mr. President; but in their clamor for a Republic such as has been successfully brought to the point of being inaugurated in America, where all will be liberty, equality, and brotherly love, they will shed much blood uselessly because of their immoderate views."

In America, in '88, the Constitution was adopted by ten of the thirteen States; and great was the rejoicing thereat. "The splendid genius of Hamilton, the calm and judicial logic of Jay, and the invincible common sense of Madison" had brought about, in large measure, this happy result. The next step was the election of President and Vice-President of the Republic, and Washington, the man who had commanded the army and presided in the convention of '86, was naturally the people's

choice. From Mount Vernon to New York his progress was one continued ovation. On the bridge across which he had retreated before Cornwallis on the evening preceding the successful affair at Princeton, a triumphal arch was suspended, supported by thirteen columns and inscribed with the sentence, "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters," and the dates in golden letters of his military movements around Trenton. At New York his sloop was met by one bearing a full chorus of well-trained voices, who welcomed him with an ode to the tune of "God Save the King," while thousands of people of all ages lined the shores. So with the streets of the city when *they* were reached. Yet the elected President wrote of this ovation,

"The reverse of all this *may* be the case after all my efforts to do good," and his sensations were "as painful as they were pleasing."

On Thursday, the 30th of April, a salute was fired from Bowling Green, services were held in all the churches, the military marched with "floating banners" from their quarters, and the bands played their gayest and most martial strains. In front of Federal Hall, an imposing building, the troops formed a line on each side of the way, through which the President, with his attendants, was conducted to the Senate Chamber, thence to the outside gallery. There the Bible was raised,

he kissed the sacred page and said audibly, and as if offering a fervent prayer,

“I swear; so help me God!”

The Chancellor said only three words, “It is done;” then waving his hand to the multitude, exclaimed in a loud voice,

“Long live George Washington, President of the United States.”

And the welkin rang again and again with applause, while they returned to the Senate Chamber, where to the assembled members of Congress, and other dignitaries, the President delivered his “Inaugural Address,” marked by a spirit of deep, self-distrust, but firm reliance on the “Most High who governs in the kingdoms of men;” then they proceeded to St. Pauls, where Bishop Provoost read suitable prayers. A grand display of fireworks in the evening concluded the auspicious day.

A week later a grand ball was given, at which the ladies were dressed “with consummate taste and elegance.” Among the list of “distinguished women” present we find the names of Lady Christine Griffin and Mrs. Bishop Provoost. “The President danced a cotillion with Mrs. Peter Van Amburgh Livingston, and Mrs. Maxwell, and with the latter in a minuet.” He had known this lady well at Morristown. As each lady and gentleman passed in, a beautiful fan was presented by a page to every lady. They had been made in Paris, and

contained medallion portraits of Washington in profile, and were attached to ivory frames.

In the minuet M. Brissot de Warville led out the Lady Christine, who, in spite of her slight lameness, danced "with marvelous grace." This was the last time that they met in America, for the young Girondist was impelled to return to France because of the grave aspect of affairs which threatened the country of his birth with fearful carnage. When he announced his intention to her Ladyship and spoke of the probability of not again meeting her, she replied:

"But, Monsieur, we will hope to meet you ere very long in Paris. Now that General Washington has been inaugurated, Judge Griffin has determined to go abroad. He has had much severe mental strain upon him for the past fifteen years, with but slight intervals of rest. It is due that every one should pay homage to the President; but apart from this, Judge Griffin's obligations are of a personal nature, for he has been always treated with the fullest confidence and esteem by his Excellency, and has enjoyed his friendship for many years past. This duty over, there is naught to prevent our return to the old world again, and I am all impatience to see my own rugged shores once more. After staying for a while at Traquair House and in Edinboro we will come to 'La Belle France' and to dear St. Omers."

Soon after the arrival of Mrs. Washington, when the ceremonious visits to her had been duly paid by all of the prominent women of the metropolis, Judge Griffin carried out his intention of visiting Scotland, England and France; and if any lingering bitterness of feeling had lurked in the old Earl's heart, 'twas dispelled as Judge Griffin said while leading in his little flock:

"I took from you one treasure, my Lord; see, I have brought back the original and four lesser jewels."

And the four young "heretics" held high carnival, and brought back sunshine and brightness to the gloomy old castle, which needed brightening sorely, Louise having become almost a recluse in her love for the Roman Faith; while Charles, in a very reduced state of health, continued his practice of the law in the Parliament House at Edinboro. Lady Louisa Stuart Campbell was not yet too old to enjoy the society of the young, and once more, at the joyful Christmas-tide in 1792, they were all assembled at Traquair House. Shortly after, Judge Griffin and the Lady Christine left Edinboro for Paris.

In Paris their friendship was soon renewed with M. Brissot, and many evenings were spent together, for De Warville would know even more than he had yet done of American theories of government. The apartments occupied by Judge Griffin were on the Champs Elysees, and the fair

Palace of the Tuileries loomed up before them as on a warm August evening they were earnestly discussing the troublous times.

"How all is changed," said Christine, "since we were wont to pray so fervently for his most Christian Majesty at St. Omers; *now* they thirst for his blood."

"To that *I* never will give consent, my Lady," said De Warville. "I am earnestly in favor of a Republic, but would not be a murderer to obtain it. In this attempt to save him, I may forfeit my own life."

"I think I am never to be free from war," her Ladyship answered wearily. "In Scotland, during my youth; in America, during my early married life, and now in France, 'tis all the same." And the Lady went each day to the church and told her beads with fervor, while praying for peace and prosperity in the far-off home, and in the land so filled with the turbulent spirit of the times. At last it became so wild and desperate that they deemed it best to leave Paris, yet a strange fascination held them bound there somewhat longer; and the friendship for De Warville no doubt influenced them in no small degree in remaining. The beautiful city seemed formed by nature to be the abiding place of all that conduces to human happiness. At once the center of its children's faith and of the arts and sciences, yet Notre Dame was to be desecrated and the chef d'oeuvres and rare

MSS. to suffer destruction by the worthless mob in their wild clamor for "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." Instead of accomplishing *this* end, they brought about Chains, Inequality, and Damning Hate from man to his fellow-man. The provocation had been great, but out of all proportion was the measure of retribution to the guilty, while the innocent suffered with them. On an evening in October, just prior to their departure from Paris, Judge Griffin looked unusually grave, and said to his wife:

"I am very uneasy about De Warville. There is some plan on foot to arrest him, and I cannot devise any scheme for his safe exit from Paris; others of his friends are hopeless. Can *you* not think of some means which we can present to him when he comes here this evening?"

The Lady Christine planned, and re-planned, but all of no avail, and very soon De Warville came. His manner was as composed as usual, yet he was somewhat paler than was his wont as he greeted them, and then said:

"I have been followed to-night, and an effort—well organized, I cannot doubt—will be made to arrest me. I think this is the last evening we will spend together."

"Surely they will not search our house," said Judge Griffin; "we are above all suspicion as Americans."

"Ah! little do you know them. Their detectives are everywhere, and if they mean to strike the

blow, be sure it will fall, no matter where *I* may be. See! as I speak one is stationed under the tree just in front, and you will find every corner of the house will be guarded; even the young soldier who was flirting with your ladyship's maid as I came in is no doubt one of their emissaries."

It was as he said, and watching from the windows of the salon, they saw one by one a cordon of men surrounding the house on all sides. 'Twas useless to attempt concealment, even if hospitable shelter could be given for one night. The next morning, with a "Pardonnez-moi Monsieur," De Warville would be carried off to prison, and from thence almost certainly to the guillotine, for his presence in the house once being known, his capture once resolved upon, there was no loop-hole of escape save by some stratagem so simple that it would disarm all suspicion. So the time wore on to nearly midnight, and still the young soldier flirted with Violette. De Warville gave some little trinkets of value to the Lady Christine for his sister, and expressed his conviction that his moderate views would be the cause of his death.

The Lady Christine suddenly exclaimed:

"Only do as I wish and I think all will be well yet. The great Cardinal Richelieu did not disdain to play the fox when the courage of the lion would no longer suffice. So rest in peace, *notre ami*; stay at the window here in full view of your enemies until I whistle a signal for you to come in the *salle a manger*; then follow my directions.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY CHRISTINE APPEARS IN A NEW ROLE; A SHORT DISGUISE ACCOMPLISHES LONG RESULTS; WE TAKE A PARTING GLANCE AT NEW YORK.

“When the Lion’s skin ’s too short, then, play the Fox.”

The Lady Christine had observed the uniform belonging to Le Cadet (their French serving-man) in a small apartment adjoining their own sleeping-room. Thither he had brought it that the arch-coquette Violette might adorn it with a tri-colored rosette. In the long evening just passed Lady Christine had noticed that the uniform worn by the police was similar in color to Le Cadet’s, and by a little skilful management the cut of the coats could be made to resemble also, and on this simple circumstance she had planned De Warville’s escape. She felt very wearied from the mental strain under which she had been kept, and pleaded that weariness now as an excuse for leaving the two gentlemen, in a tone intended to be audible to the sentinel, who kept his gaze steadily upon the house for the most part, although occasionally drooping his head a little as if overcome with fatigue; this Christine had also made note of. When she reached her room she secured the uniform; in a short time had made the necessary alterations, and donned it very quickly. She then wrote on a card:

“Disguise yourself in this uniform and pass out

of the house; the cordon will be entirely deceived by the dress, and for your safety after passing them you will provide easily."

Having written this and placed it in the coat pocket, she went noiselessly down a private stairway, which was seldom used, and very dark; reaching the foot, she was near the entrance to the street. The old sentinel had turned, and was directly facing the house; she must bide her time. After several minutes of anxious waiting, his head fell wearily over his gun, and turning from the house he bent forward as if nearly exhausted. A moment later he was startled by a touch, and a young officer, slightly lame, stood by him and said:

"Do not sleep upon the watch, good man, guard the house; I am going in on important business."

The watch gave a respectful salute and murmured that he was keeping a steady eye upon the window where the prisoner was sitting; only for a short time had he rested himself by leaning upon his gun. Without replying to this, Christine rang the bell, inquired for Judge Griffin, was admitted to the entry, and there awaited with the door opened so that all which passed could be observed from without. When Judge Griffin came, she explained to him her design in appearing in such strange guise. It was that when De Warville left in the same disguise, he might be mistaken for the officer she now represented, and so pass unmolested. Then aloud she said in pure French:

"Well, sir; I will retire to the *salle a manger*," which she then entered from the hall.

A few minutes later she had resumed her own dress and placed the uniform and the note for M. Brissot in the *salle a manger*, having entered it now by means of a side-door not seen from the street. On hearing a very low whistle, the preconcerted signal, Judge Griffin asked M. Brissot de Warville to go with him to the next room. The sentinel in the street hearing this thought the prey secure now, for had not his officer just entered the same apartment? In a short time De Warville walked from the house, handed a duly-signed document to the cordon,—*"retire and await further orders,"*—passed on, and was soon out of all immediate danger. A half hour later Le Cadet was instructed to close the house for the night.

Judge Griffin and Lady Christine left Paris the succeeding day. Not until the Chronicles were opened and read was it known by whose order the cordon was relieved from duty!

A few years ago, in the same trunk which contained the remaining Chronicles, a bundle of fine clothing was found, and in a woman's hand was written on its cover:

"Suit worn by our valued friend M. Brissot de Warville on the occasion of his last visit to us in Paris. It was stored away immediately with Judge Griffin's best suits, so that no trace of him could be found in our house."

"A gown for Madame," brought by a small messenger next morning, proved to be Le Cadet's uniform, which was restored to its original shape and replaced before it had been missed. Thus was the escape of the young Girondist effected by a woman's wit. At Calais they met with M. Brissot de Warville, who had come to bid them farewell. As they parted his last words were, "I will continue to oppose the King's murder steadily, even to the end; and when you hear that all is over with me, as I feel assured will be the case ere long, it will be a pleasing thought that your friendship saved me, for a time at least, to urge my countrymen to toleration."

In January, 1793, the blow he had striven to avert fell upon the King, and not being yet satisfied, the fierce "Mountain" or extreme Republican party swept away the "Plain," so called from its weakness, and fixed their vengeance upon the Girondists. These were composed principally of young gentlemen from the Gironde, who were, like their leader, temperate in their views. They were arrested to the number of twenty-one, tried and convicted of treason, and in October suffered death upon the guillotine.

Very soon after, Judge Griffin decided to return to Virginia, leaving Jack and Stuart at Edinboro University.

Some time previous, Colonel Griffin and Dolly had returned to America, leaving Braxton in Eng-

land with his grandparents. They left England with much regret, but when the beautiful old Rippon Hall and the Cottage of Hazeldean came in sight from the York, as it beat its azure waves upon the white beach, Dolly felt unfeignedly thankful that they were once more to enjoy their own home in peace and prosperity.

However, as the little Elizabeth grew into womanhood, it was not with regret that her parents availed of the opportunity of Colonel Griffin's election to Congress to show her something of the "great world," and 1793 found them in Philadelphia.

Judge Griffin was returned to Congress shortly after his arrival, and thus after many long years of separate lines of duty they found themselves as they were wont to be in boyhood, "side by side and shoulder to shoulder." The best idea we can gain of life at that time in the Capital is in the letters which were then written.

Letters from Thomas Griffin, Jr., to Jack.

"New York, 1793.

"Dear Jack:

"You may be very grateful for a letter from me; but, I am in New York on a visit to Uncle Samuel, and I think you will like to hear something of life here; so now is the time to tell you; next year there will not be any life to write about; why? because the Capital is to be removed to Philadel-

phia! Well! let's make the most of this year then; and begin with New Year's day: It is a fashion here to visit on that day, so the streets were quite gay with the number of vehicles, etc. On Friday, Mrs. Washington always holds a levee, but, on this Friday, Jan. 1st it was more beautiful than usual, and I enjoyed the grand folks and pretty young women very much; only the time was too short; for since the President's ill-health, he keeps early hours. At nine o'clock Mrs. Washington rose and said:

“ ‘The General always retires at 9 o'clock, and I usually precede him;’ then every one left immediately. I must tell you of a visit the Indians made here in the summer; they were all in their Indian dress, and attended a public dinner, where they sang songs, and made orations in reply to the ‘white man;’ afterwards, some important treaty was made with them, they smoked a pipe of peace, and sang a *song* of peace, and thus they became the friends of the United States. They were carried to the City Hall, and there the full length portrait of the President, astonished them very much, but, when they touched the cold canvas, they started back in disgust, as if they had touched some dead thing! yet, each one wanted to make the experiment. Mr. Trumbull, the great artist, was very anxious to paint portraits of some of these chiefs, for they are really remarkable for their dignity and ‘worthy to be placed by the Roman Senators,’ yet,

they feared some magic in the art which had produced another 'Great Father,' so like the President himself, and would not consent to have their portraits taken. The great Chateaubriand, has been here recently; I believe he will spend much time among these Indian tribes, and then perhaps, when he returns to France he will write some beautiful things about them. Congress adjourned in August, and will meet again in Philadelphia; they say Uncle Cyrus will be returned from Williamsburg, when he comes back from Scotland. How is my little pet, Mary?

"Well! I suppose you are studying very hard at Edinboro—I have finished at William and Mary, and am to go next year to the Pennsylvania University. We are all going to 'Mountain Way' in a few days, where we will stay until we go to Philadelphia.

"I have written you a real school-boy's letter; send me an answer promptly.

"Yours faithfully,

"THOMAS GRIFFIN.

"P. S.—Do you know that there is talk of removing the Capital after ten years to Conogochegue, on the Potomac? It will be very nice to have it so near us, but, the whole city will have to be built; there isn't anything now, but wood-land. So for the next ten years, I suppose Philadelphia will be the spot. Uncle Samuel's house here, is in white Conduit House, near the Hospital. I sup-

pose you have had enough of this New Year letter, for doubtless in the old, old Capital town of Scotland there is so much to interest, that you look with disdain on the 'Land of your sires,' but don't do so I ask, for, we have as much right now to be proud of the New Country, as of the old; and I think my father does wisely to send me to one of our own Universities as I have no near relatives over in Great Britain.

"Elizabeth is a real beauty and I love her as if she were my sister; she is not a young lady yet, being only sixteen; but she will attend balls, etc., next winter, and when she does will produce no slight sensation in that world of beauty. 'Tis hard to imagine that there are finer women in Philadelphia than here, yet, I hear on all sides that it is so, and I am therefore all impatience to reach that city; but in the meantime, in Virginia, I can I think find ample enjoyment for the next few months. Good-bye again.

"(To Master J. Stuart Griffin.)"

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH WE PAY A VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA, ALONG WITH
MANY OTHER GREAT FOLK, AND BEHOLD—

“That loveliness ever
In motion which plays,
Like the light upon autumn’s
Soft shadowy days.”

The next year found the Capital established in Philadelphia, and we refer to other letters for an account of its society and beauty.

“To Braxton Griffin.

“Philadelphia, Dec. ’93.

“Dear Braxton:

“Even in the whirl of life here, I must find time to send a letter to the dear Vicarage of Hazeldean. I address it to you, sir, in respect to your fifteen years, but ’tis for the whole household; how different life is here! Do you think grand-papa could recognize the little nine-year old girl who sat upon his shoulder, in the tall young woman of seventeen, who goes to balls, etc., and has beaus? (often bores.) I have also some very warm friends of my own sex; Miss White, whose father is a leading loyalist, will be here a portion of this winter. (Mamma cannot help liking the tories you know.) Martha Jefferson, of Virginia, is as Mr. Randolph declares ‘the sweetest young creature,’ and although her father is a leading democrat, and mine retains many old fashioned ideas, (which

Mamma fosters very carefully) we love each other in spite of this; altho' she is several years older than I am. The most beautiful women in the civilized world are to be found here; even Mamma says that the Duchess of Devonshire (the most noted English beauty,) is lacking in the delicacy of the American woman, and the French noblemen who have been here, all say the same thing. An American beauty dressed *a la Parisienne*, is not excelled in any country ever, and rarely equalled. The most beautiful woman married or single in Philadelphia is Mrs. Bingham; she was Miss Willing—a niece of Mrs. Byrd, of Westover. Mamma saw her sister (I think) at Lord Dunmore's ball in Williamsburg; Mrs. Bingham has been much in London and Paris, and was always spoken of in the latter place as 'La Belle Americaine.'

"A grand ball will be given there next week, and I am to wear the blue satin quilted petticoat Grand-mamma Braxton sent for my seventeenth birth-day, with an overskirt of velvet one shade darker, (but what is the use of talking to a boy of dress?) Thomas will be my partner; now do not shake your very wise head at Jack and Stuart, for in truth he takes me in lieu of a sister, which he stands greatly in need of, and I enjoy having an elder brother to do my bidding; for even if I am still single when you come from Oxford, I will be too old by far to dance—why 'twill be at least six years before you can be graduated, and then I will

be an old maiden of twenty-four! how horrible to be too old to dance! but there are so many clever unmarried women here, one feels it can't be very dreadful to grow old as they have done. And in England how charming Mamma's old acquaintance Miss Burney is, and she must be about thirty-five now, only a little younger than Mamma herself. I hear a ring at the bell, and I know Mamma will send for me to come into the parlor; so whispering to you that I am longing for a gallop from Williamsburg to Hazeldean, and a toss in the surf of our own blue York River, (while I might even be tempted to make some sand biscuits,) I will stop.

"Can you imagine me a woman grown? well, others at least find me old enough to be visited, danced with, etc.

"There is a great deal of elegance here—more than in New York,—(so you see I am old enough to discriminate). Here comes Mamma. Love to every one at Hazeldean. Kiss Grand-papa and Grand-mamma; if you have not outgrown the fashion. Love to Jack and Stuart when you see them. Tell them to be as much charmed with London and Edinboro as Papa and Uncle Cyrus were, when *they* were young men of fashion. *Now* they are *so* sober and particular; at least I suppose Uncle Cyrus is, as Papa and himself usually agree.

I think he will be in Congress when he comes home next year. Good-bye for the present.

“Yours lovingly, E.”

“Philadelphia, Feb. 29th, '94.

“My dear Son:

“Elizabeth sent you a letter last month, and I will write now our weekly bulletin; as your father will send you his usual admonitory epistle next week, I will confine my letter to a description of a very beautiful ball at which your sister made her debut, on Thursday evening. She tells me that she has already spoken to you of Mrs. Bingham's singular beauty, and fascinating manner; she was our hostess. Mr. Bingham's new house is a copy of the Duke of Manchester's, Manchester Square, London; it is somewhat larger than the original; a fine drive leads up in two semi-circles to the door, which is raised only about two feet from the ground; the entrance-hall is large and on one side is the drawing-room, into which a conservatory opens; on the other side are the dining-room and a library, which is well filled with choice books. Beautiful works of art are to be seen everywhere, and the walls are hung with rare paintings; the second floor is reached by a white marble staircase, ascending from either side of the hall; on this floor are the dancing and card-rooms, which look down upon the conservatory. Nothing I have ever seen was more brilliant than the whole enter-

tainment. The Mansion and Mistress were aptly fitted for each other, and beauty, wealth and refinement have combined to make each almost perfect. Among the young women present I saw none more fair than your sister; as Thomas and herself danced the Minuet together, I thought of the first measure I tread with your father at Tunbridge twenty-one years ago nearly. Thomas resembles his Uncle very much, but Elizabeth is far handsomer than her mother ever was. [Master Braxton here says to himself, "The little mother is fair even now."]

"There is an excellent company now playing here under Mr. Wignell's management at the Theatre; one of the actors named Harwood has married a grand-daughter of Dr. Franklin. Mrs. Oldnixon is the wife of Sir John Oldnixon; she has some leading parts to play; he was at one time as great a beau at Bath as Nash, *now* he is a market gardener, and his wife comes to the play-house in the same cart in which he brings his vegetables to the market! '*Sic transit gloria hominum.*' Mrs. Whitlock, another of the caste, is a sister of Mrs. Siddons, but cannot equal her sister in tragedy; who can in this day or generation?

"The Theatre itself is a very fine building as large as Covent Garden; we have been several times to the play, as we do not wish Elizabeth to go without either one or both of her parents; the

last time, Mr. Gatliff a young English gentleman accompanied us; he has pleasing manners and address. Not content with the theatre, the young woman (who has been somewhat spoiled ever since we went to England) urged her father to take her to the *circus*; there her delight was great in watching Riddick's beautiful riding; first with two, then with four, then with six horses, all well in hand; and guided by the rein only.

"Your father had gone with many misgivings as to the propriety of a Congressman being seen at a circus, and thought it might be a sight as amusing as any other portion of the menagerie, but all doubt was soon set at rest in his mind, for the occasion was graced by the presence of the President and several of his Cabinet. While performing some feat of *leger-de-main*, Riddick held a glass of wine, raising it to his lips he cried:

" 'Health to the man of the People' of course, it was intended as a compliment to the President; but the democrats are becoming so uncontrollable, that no action like this is freed from the suspicion of having a double meaning; this prevails too much everywhere, tell your grand-father.

"You are too young to know aught of politics yet; when you return you will have enough I suppose; unless meanwhile your grand-father's influence and example, induce you to go into the church, for which I should be very grateful. We are hoping to see your uncle and aunt with the two

little girls, on this side ere many more months pass by; but the temptation to Christine to linger in Scotland and France, must be very great. And now my boy, I must close; remember always to profit by the example of your father and my father. Praying for Heaven's best blessings on your dear young head, I am,

Your loving,

"MOTHER."

From Lady Christine to her Sons:

"Philadelphia, April 25th, '95.

* * * * *

"It seems as if much more than eighteen months had passed since I last saw you my boys; and your weekly letters are of the greatest comfort to us.

"I am writing now the fourth within the month, so you are never long without news from us. Since I last wrote, your cousin Elizabeth, has been addressed by Mr. Gatliff, and your uncle and aunt have given consent to their engagement; Little Mary is very busy still at her books; as she is now fourteen, I shall soon have to stop calling her little. Thomas is her devoted companion and helps her with her lessons; she is progressing well in her English and French, which I speak frequently to Louise and herself. Oh! how I long to have you all around us once more; I feel very like a wayfarer, having no settled abiding place. Louise is as bright and clever as ever, and it is a great relief to your father to have the two young girl's so-

ciety to turn to from the wearisome matters of state and craft and policy. He is very glad you have fixed upon the law as your profession, Jack; but Stuart, your uncle Corbin says two physicians in one family will be enough to kill them all out; however, I think he is really pleased that you will succeed him in his practice; Thomas will simply be always a planter and country-gentleman; so you Jack are really the only one who follows your father's profession. I suppose Traquair upholds you in this also, so you are on both sides a lawyer by inheritance. I am pained to hear what you have written of aunt Louisa; I fear she will not survive many months; I suppose from what you write that Louise is much with her now; don't let your uncle sink into too great seclusion in Traquair House; he is certainly fitted in every way to take a leading part in the country, and it would rouse him, so from his sad reflections over the past. I wish he would come to this new country. The men here are so full of energy, and interest in the government; and Traquair might feel inspired to live for Scotland, but he can never be reconciled to the Protestant succession; you will not sympathize with him in this, although I think I have inspired you both with true love to the Stuarts; the young cannot understand clinging to what is long since passed away; but you will know it all some day.

"The recent past is recalled to us very often in

this city, by the presence of some great ones connected with it. M. Talleyrand, is now living here at Occler's Hotel; he is said to be inelegant, and is not the type of a French gentleman; he is cold in manner, and 'tis objected to him that he fills his mouth with too much food when he eats! Many persons here believe that he is the child of obscure parents, and was born near Mt. Desert in Maine; he has been to the place since he came to this country, and the fisher-folk, think that they recognized in him, a boy who was sent off to France many years ago.

"The Duc. de Rochefoucauld, is also here; and the Marquis de LaFayette's young son with his tutor. He is the ward of the President, who prefers that he should not be very much in society, while his father is in Olmutz, and his mother and sisters in such sore distress of mind; he is named for the President. On our way from your grandparents' country place at 'Mountain Way' we stopped in Fredericksburg and saw Mrs. Mercer and Hugh is now here at the University with Thomas; they see much of each other and Hugh is as much one of us as Thomas is; his Scotch blood makes my heart warm to him even more than it would do, to such a fine manly fellow under any circumstances, especially to the son of such a man as General Mercer. He delights to hear of Culloden, and is never wearied of conversation, if I make the Prince Charles Edward the theme.

Each Sunday, he passes a little while after service at his father's grave. This is the last year, of the President's administration, and he declines positively holding the office again; so when you return, some one else will wear the title and the burden it brings with it.

"Mr. Jefferson is one of the ablest of living men, and he will probably be elected to the office; he is opposed to the President politically. I think after he retires we *will* also, and spend our remaining years quietly in Virginia. I am glad to leave Williamsburg in summer, the heat and musquitoes are so oppressive. What must it be then farther south? But—Hon. John Rutledge, and Hon. Mr. Pinckney, speak of Charleston in Carolina as an earthly Eden; yet the thermometer reaches ninety-three in the shade as late as October! It requires Mr. Rutledge's wonderful eloquence to convince me that it is such a delightful spot, save socially, its men and women are refined and cultivated. The winters here make one remember the grand roaring fire places at Traquair House and in Edinboro. While you are even now in April sitting near one, imagine your parents and little sisters, in this gay city, yet never losing thought for the absentees, who claim such a large share of their love.

"Good-bye now my sons. All good attend you
prays

Your loving mother,
"CHRISTINE STUART GRIFFIN."

In 1796 a very fair bride left Hazeldean for Philadelphia, and was no less admired as Mrs. Gatliff than she had been as Miss Elizabeth Griffin. Jack Stuart Griffin finished his course at Edinboro the same year, and found Philadelphia life so pleasing that he decided to live there instead of Williamsburg. His Uncle Charles had imbued him with many of his own notions, yet he never could be other than a Protestant. Samuel Stuart Griffin became his Uncle Corbin's assistant in the large practice which he had on the Peninsula, and it was not long ere he took unto himself a fair Miss Lewis to wife. When he advised Jack "that a man was too sorry a fellow as a bachelor," that young gentleman had replied:

"Uncle Charley wasn't a sorry fellow when he had us with him; and I will have nephews and nieces to love; as for a wife—I am afraid to make the experiment; the whole family has been in such great luck so far; not a single blank, every one prizes from our honored grandmother down. I might make the scales turn in the opposite direction; so better let me rest in single blessedness, and be the bachelor son and brother always welcomed in each home."

And upon this point Jack continued incorrigible to the end. Louis Philippe visited Philadelphia during this year, and entertained his friends in one room over a barber-shop, where he lived in accordance with his straitened means, although had

he chosen to accept the obligation he could have had credit to a large, even an unlimited amount, and thus have been enabled to live in accordance with his rank. His gentle, unassuming manner pleased all who met him.

In 1797 all of our family circle were once again in their several homes. Washington was at Mount Vernon enjoying a rural life more than he had ever done; Judge Griffin and Lady Christine were once more in Williamsburg; Dr. Griffin and Mary, his wife, at Rippon Hall; Colonel Samuel and Dolly at Hazeldean; while Thomas now cultivated his father's estate and Braxton was his grandfather's curate at Oxford. The nestlings were fledged now, and had left the parent homes just as their parents had done before them. Old Mr. and Mrs. Griffin still kept open house for children and grandchildren, and Mammy Tina held undisputed sway below stairs, as her mistress did above. Thus matters went on with each and all until at last December of '99 came. On the 14th of that month Washington died and the whole country was in mourning, and the joyful season so near at hand was shadowed over by the cloud of sorrow. Yet nothing can ever wholly dim the sacred joy it brings to each Christian home.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN OLD VIRGINIA.

"The mistletoe hung on the castle wall;
The holly-branch shone in the old oak hall."

Christmas day of 1799 rose fair and bright in old Williamsburg, which had settled down to the quiet respectability of a small city; but in the house on Woodpecker Street bustle and activity were seen in kitchen and in parlor, as on the day when our story opened thirty years before. A new Raleigh was on the scene in the dining-room, and under his father's watchful eye was laying the breakfast table with covers for twenty guests.

"Don't let specks be seen on glass or silber, yo' keerless young feller," said his father. "No sech Christmas day as dis has ebber befo' bin seen in dis house, an' I t'ink dis de berry las' time all kin be togedder here. Eben Marse Braxton cum, an' de Vicar an' his wife, all de way fum Englan', and de t'ings dere do shine so bright, it meks me *shamed* ter see yer wuk here, Rallee. Now jes' look at dis knife! 'En't you' 'shamed, w'en I bin teachin' yo' ebber since yo' was knee-high ter a duck? How kin I ebber mek yo' l'arn?"

While "Uncle" Raleigh was scolding, he was surveying with all the pride of a major-domo, and a father combined, the beautifully-polished mahog-

any and the bright silver, which shone brilliantly in the blaze of the roaring and crackling fire. But soon he was aroused from his well-satisfied reflections by the sound of his name called by two fresh young voices:

"Uncle Ra—leigh, Uncle Ra—leigh!"

In obedience to these summons, which it was his wont to obey, he went into the drawing-room, where Mary and Louise were busily arranging holly and mistletoe and cedar; they were perched on two chairs with a garland suspended at arm's length above their heads, and as Uncle Raleigh entered they both exclaimed:

"Please, Uncle Raleigh, come quickly and fasten this; it is too high for us, and we want it specially to be over a throne we are making for grandfather's and grandmother's easy chairs to be placed upon; and we don't want anybody else to know of it. All the lower part is finished, but we must get this out of the way of grandpapa's head, he is *so* tall; and if you don't fix it we will have to give up our pet idea, which we have worked at so long. See these beautiful letters in white which are to go just in the middle?"

First one and then the other had spoken, and now when they both paused to take breath, Uncle Raleigh said in his habitually sententious manner:

"Well, jes' stop now a minit' an' res', littl' Misses, an' I'll see what kin be dun. 'Tain't no use, howebber, ter be doin' so much in secret an'

den tellin' ebberybody 'bout it by callin' out ter me at de berry top ob your voices; leastways, dat feller Rallee, wid his sharp ears an' long tongue will tell de odder sarvants fust t'ing yo' know."

With a lively sense of his own importance and trustworthiness, Uncle Raleigh hung the garlands and arranged the initial letters in place—"L. G." and "M. B. G." Very pretty they were, standing out in relief from the dark green background.

"And now, Uncle Raleigh, you must have everything arranged for dancing in here this evening. The rugs must all be moved, and a little more wax on the floor, for every one will dance to-night, while you and Uncle Prince play the violins. Uncle Corbin and Aunt Mary, and Thomas, and all from Hazeldean will be here in time for service. When will Hugh come, Louise?"

"Certainly by the first of January; and he said it was just possible he would be here this evening, but it was hard to leave home at Christmas; so I thought it was best that he should. But oh! I wish he could come!" And the little lady gave a sigh as if she had forgotten all about its being Christmas for a whole minute. The breakfast bell soon put an end to the running conversation which the young folk carried on while instructing Uncle Raleigh as to the requisite arrangement of furniture, etc., for the evening's entertainment. Master Thomas arrived on horseback from Rippon Hall just in time, for he pleaded:

"How could I let every one else bid 'Merry Christmas' to Mary before I did, when I have the 'foremost right in all the world.' "

A right merry group surrounded the aged master and mistress at the well-laden board, and much raillery was levelled at Jack for his continuance in the path of single-blessedness; and to all he made some good excuse. At last, "My son," said the Judge, "why did you not try to win Mrs. Bingham? You spoke so much of her."

"Because, sir," said Jack, "no less a person than Louis Philippe tried it, and what answer did her father make *him*? 'If you recover your kingdom, *you* will be too great for her; if *not*, she is too great for you.' So, as Uncle Charley says I can never have my earldom,* she is too great for the lawyer who looks no higher than a judgeship; but I won't break my heart over lands or lady fair."

After breakfast came family prayers, and a fervent thanksgiving was offered by the head of the household for the manifold mercies vouchsafed. "A hundred years since" men were not ashamed to follow this time-honored custom of their English ancestors. The new gospel which had reached our shores from France had not thought the quaint little city of Williamsburg worthy of "conversion," and so old things had not passed away.

The good Vicar read the service, and Brax-

*Unless he became a British subject.

ton preached an excellent sermon on "Peace and Good-will," and assisted his grandfather at the communion service. And Dolly thought as she walked from the church with father, husband, and son, that surely the earth was full of gladness and that for the present at least all sorrow and sadness had fled away.

Now the dinner was served. Whoever has not been at a Christmas dinner in Virginia in the olden time, in the classic language of Raleigh, "dunno nothin'" about good cheer. Soup, fit for the cuisine of the French king; the grandest of rock and sheepshead from the York; oysters from Wormley's creek, served on the half-shell, or scalloped in the marl bank shells which were large enough to hold a quart of ordinary sized—but those from Wormley's creek were aristocratic and objected to crowding, so Mammy's efforts could only get one dozen in each shell! Then there was mutton—a saddle which King Charles would have knighted—from Rippon, turkeys from Hazeldean, ham cured by Mammy Tina before "'Wallis' sur'ender," venison brought down by lawyer Jack's skill, which he had acquired in Scotland, followed by Mammy Tina's plum pudding (for which she had condescended to use Mrs. Dolly's English recipe), mince pies, fruitcake, jellies, blanc-mange, etc., etc., and to aid digestion the best wines which had been stored away for half a century or more.

Those days will never come again. "Old times are changed, old manners gone," and the mind much misgives one if the present be so good as the past. A formal dinner, served for those who most can serve us, is the style of to-day; *then* it was a social feast for those who loved us and whom we loved.

There were songs, too, given in those olden times after the dinner; and in reply to Mr. Griffin's toast, "Wife, children, and friends," Samuel Griffin sang those exquisite lines which stir one's inmost depths of feeling, as Tom Moore's melodies usually do:

"When the black-lettered list
To the gods was presented,
The evils which Fate
For each mortal intends,
At the long string of ills
The kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings:
Wife, children and friends.

"In vain surly Pluto
Declared he was cheated,
That Justice Divine
Could not compass her ends;
The scheme of man's penance
He swore was defeated,
For Earth becomes Heaven with
Wife, children and friends.

"If the stock of our bliss
Be in stranger hands vested,
The fund ill-secured
Oft in bankruptcy ends;
But the heart issues bills
Which are never protested
When drawn on the firm of
Wife, Children and Friends.

"Let us drink, for my song
Growing graver and graver
To subjects too solemn
Insensibly tends.
Let us drink; pledge me high;
Love and virtue shall flavor
Each glass that we fill to
Wife, children and friends."

Then when the Judge gave "The country and the memory of her sons," Dr. Griffin was called upon to sing General Wordon's famous battle-song, which begins with the lines,

"On Christmas Day in '76,
Our ragged troops with bayonets fixed,
To Trenton marched away."

So the daylight faded away into twilight as in this merry, happy fashion, this family, having wealth, refinement, unity, brotherly love, and religion as their heritage, spent Christmas day, 1799.

Dinner being ended, while "grandma" was taking her usual nap and the gentlemen were still at the table, with wine and tobacco, the indefatigable young people were busy with their preparations for the evening, and when all was in readiness their elders were summoned. Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Sr., led the way to the large drawing-room, followed by children and grandchildren.

First there was a little play representing Pocahontas' marriage and subsequent arrival in England; her recital to the courtiers there of the history of Virginia, and of her own part therein; of

the wondrous mountains and streams which abounded there, and her pathetic longing for the blue York and the great forests. 'Twas a pretty little composition, written by the young lawyer of the family, who was made to play Rolfe's part, with Elizabeth as Pocahontas, while the other young folk acted as courtiers, ladies of the court, etc. A Virginia reel followed, in which even Mr. and Mrs. Griffin must take part, for the first couple at least, and then all of the family went up the middle and down, and to add brightness and picturesqueness to the scene, Mammy Tina's fresh old face, under a very bright bandanna, was seen eagerly bending forward from her seat in the corner, and the other servants were gazing through window and door-way.

Raleigh and Prince played with all the strength and spirit with which the violin inspired them, and the classic strains of "Hop light, ladies, on the ball-room floor," filled the room until the older couples pleaded to be released, and after "Uncle Raleigh" and "Uncle Prince" had wiped their foreheads, and refreshed the inner man a little, "Jes' to clear the wind-pipe, Master," they sang together with their sons, Raleigh and Prince, a grand old hunting-song, then and for many years afterwards so popular in Virginia.

"With a hi-ho-hivy. Hock-forward, hock-forward, Tan-tivy!"

The bass would beautifully represent the near, low baying of the hounds; then the clear tenor

notes would represent them away off, and after a few wails from the violins, the chorus would ring out in wild refrain,

“This day the stag must die!”

with such telling effect that the listeners were completely carried away into the spirit of the chase, and were excited to a degree of enthusiasm such as no one can realize who has not heard this song as only negroes *can* sing it.

“Ah! Jack,” said Braxton, “I believe that song was devised by you with *malice prepense*, in order to make me attend the chase to-morrow; but I think I will be content with having attended one in spirit to-night. I nevertheless do firmly believe that any man who is not made better by a gallop on a spirited horse in a beautiful country is neither a man nor a Christian, so I will go with you to the meet at sunrise, Jack, and then ride off with might and main to Rippon and Hazeldean.”

The days of the fox-hunting clergy of Virginia were happily passed away, and the young English curate decided wisely to do naught which would cause the enemies of the church to speak lightly of her ministers. The old Dutch clock was on the stroke of twelve when at last the Christmas party dispersed to their several homes or apartments. Both houses—the “family mansion” and the “town-house”—were filled with guests, and the next day all would dine at the “town-house,” and

later on Corbin and Samuel would each have a family gathering at Rippon and Hazeldean. Nobody did anything by halves in Virginia "a hundred years since," and hospitality was a part of one's religion; the motto of each home was,

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers;" to which was added, "Let brotherly love continue."

CHAPTER XVII.

TREATS OF SOME WEDDING ITEMS.

"So gayly we'll enter at old Rippon Hall,
Among brides'-men, and kinsmen and brother's and all."

On New Year's Day the family all gathered at Hazeldean. Thursday, the 6th of January, was to have been celebrated at Rippon Hall by a grand Twelfth Night ball, but Washington's death made this unseemly and only a family party would be held, to which Mrs. Mercer's family would be added now, for the reason that so many were gathered this Christmastide from far and near. First of all, it was Christmas; but there was another reason still—on the 6th of January, 1800, Thomas would marry Mary, and Hugh Mercer would marry Louise, in the old Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, in which they had been baptized and confirmed. Thomas and Mary had learned something not in the books when he helped her with her lessons, and Hugh Mercer and Louise profited by their example.

The young gentlemen did not swerve from their allegiance amid the galaxy of beauty in Philadelphia, but waited patiently for the little school-girls. No such fit time for a double wedding as the anniversary of grandmamma's and mamma's wedding-day could present itself; so all was arranged for it,

and although the gathering at Rippon would be small, a large representation from the homes of Tide-water Virginia would be assembled in the church.

The star in the east was gleaming brightly over the altar; the Christmas evergreens—fitting emblems of hope the Nativity gives us of the Life Everlasting—were suspended on gallery, pulpit, and organ loft; the New Year's sun shone brightly through the white glass windows upon the dark mahogany of the pews and the rich dresses of the lovely women, and brave men who filled them; the white marble memorial tablets, commemorating the virtues of the earlier colonists, stood out clearly defined as the bridal party entered the church by the large door-way.

The solemn service was said; then out into the bright sunshine glowing with faith, hope, and love.

CONCLUSION

We have drawn no ideal picture of life "one hundred years since" in Virginia. The personages whose careers we have followed really lived, moved, and had their being. Virginians led the younger colonies in the struggle against England, when conservative views could no longer avail. Yet to-day many of those names so famous have no representatives in the State. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and John Randolph died without sons, and the latter is the only one of these four names which is now largely represented in

Virginia, while the family whose Chronicles we have given has no longer a "local habitation or a name." Nevertheless the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Thomas and Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, and Louise are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land—from Alaska in the far Northwest to Georgia in the South.*

Surely some of these will sooner or later resume the name of Griffin, and once more it will hold its place of honor. In the meantime, when we hear much talk of the "New South" which is to be resplendent with material prosperity, let us look back with pardonable pride to the *old* South which gave us soldiers such as Washington, the Pinckneys, Lee, and Marion; orators such as Henry and Rutledge; statesmen such as Jefferson, Madison, the Randolphs; and citizens such as those whose simple annals we have recorded, who, together with the leading minds of the Carolinas and Georgia, are worthy of all honorable mention—no single pen can do them justice. At Charles Stuart's death the Earldom of Traquair passed away; the estates were inherited by Lady Louise, the last titled member of the family. They are now in possession of the Honorable Mr. Maxwell, while the heir to the empty title—a great grand-nephew of Washington—is quietly fulfilling the duties of an American citizen.

*General Hugh Mercer, of the Confederate Army, was the son of Louise and Hugh Mercer; his sons and grandchildren are residents of Savannah.

NOV 10 1904.

